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(*The Third Edition.*)

THE FEMALE JOCKEY CLUB,

OR A

SKETCH

OF THE

MANNERS OF THE AGE.

Amongſt other highly diſtinguiſhed Perſonages, Male and Female, celebrated in this Work, are the following:

Their Moſt Sacred Majeſties
The R-y-l B-t-ſh P-nc-ſſes
D-ch-ſs of Y—k
Her R-y-l H-n-ſs P-nc-ſs A-g-t-s F-d-ck, late Lady A-g-ta M-r-y
D-ch-ſs of D-v-nſ-re
Lady Elizabeth F-ſt-r
Comte de Ferſan
Lady C—per
Sir Charles W-tw-th, K. B.
Lord H-rv-y
Dutcheſs of R-tl-nd
Dutcheſs of B-df-d
Lady L-de
Charles M-nſ-n
Lord Ch-lm-de-ly
Miſs G-nn-ng
Lord P-get
Ducheſs of G-d-n
Col. St. L-g-r
Mr. P-tt
Late King of Sweden
Lady W-r-n
Mr. D-d-ſs
Lady B-th
Mr. P-lt-n-y
Mrs. R-b-ſ-n
Late Lord Littleton
Marchioneſs of S-l-ſb-ry
Col. T-lt-n
P-ce of W-les
Mr. Hugo M-yn-l, Senior
Lady A-ch-r
M-gr-v-ne of A-p-ch
C. of B-ck-h-mſ-re, late Mrs. H-b-t
Mr. Harry Er-ngt-n
Mr. J-kyll
Mrs. B-ſt-w
Mrs. H-ſt-r L-nch P-zzi
Counteſs of S-ſt-n
Viſcounteſs M-yn-d
Quick the Actor
Lady M-l-neux
Col. F.tzp-t-ck
Lady W-ll-ce
Abbe St. Fare
Marquis de la Fayette
Mr. Wright the Sheriffs' Officer
Lady L-c-n
Mrs. C-ghl-n
Mrs. Siddons
Mr. P-wis
Viſcounteſs B-dl-y and W-rd
Earl Sp-nc-r
Late Col. Boſville
Viſcount D-dl-y and W-rd
Viſcounteſs H-mpd-n
Duke of M-tr-ſe
Mr. Daniel H-les
Miſs W-ſt
Miſs Elizabeth J-ffr-es
Mr. Fox
Earl F-tzw-ll-m
Lady Elizabeth L-ttr-l
Earl of C-rh-mpt-n
Dutcheſs of C-mb-l-nd
Counteſs Ty-c-n-l
General W-tſ-n
Col. C-wth-ne
L--d D-l-v-l
The Blue Stocking Society, &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FORMER JOCKEY CLUB.

LONDON:
Printed for D. I. EATON, No. 74, *Newgate-ſtreet,*
1794.

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" —What ſwarms of am'rous Grandmothers we ſee,
" And Miſſes ancient in iniquity.
" What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming!
" What lying, drinking, w——ng, ſwearing, gaming!
" Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence,
" Such griping avarice, ſuch profuſe expence,
" Such feigned devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes,
" Such licenſed ills, ſuch proſtituted times,
" Such venal faith, ſuch miſapplied applauſe,
" Such flattered guilt, and SUCH INVERTED LAWS,
" Such diſſolution through the world I find,
" 'Tis not a World, but Chaos of Mankind!" YOUNG.

BODLEIAN
28 NOV 1927
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THE

CONTENTS.

THE R-y-l B—t-ſh P—c-ſs - 1
Her R-y-l H—n—ſs D—c—ſs of York 11
D—c—ſs of D—v—ſ—e - - 12
Lady El-z-b-th F—t—r - - 21
D--ch--ſs of R—tl—d - - 27
G—t—de D—ch—ſs of B—f—d - 36
L—dy L—de - - - 43
D—ch—ſs of G—d—n - - 50
L—dy B—th - - - 58
L—dy W—n - - 70
Mrs. R—b—ſ—n - - 75
Her R-y-l H—n—ſs P—c—ſs A—g—t—s
F—d—r—ck - - - 87
M—c—ſs of S—l—b—ry - - 95

L-dy

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

L—dy A—ch—er - - -	101
C—nt—ſs of B—k—h—f—re -	110
Mrs. H—ft—r L—nch P—zzi -	120
C—nt—ſs of S—ft—n - -	124
L—dy W--ll--ce - -	132
L—dy L—c—n - - -	142
Mrs. C—ghl—n - - -	148
V—ſc—ſs D--l--y and W—d -	150
V—ſc—ſs H--mpd-n - -	159
L-dy El--z--th L—ttr—l - -	175
Counteſs ——— - -	186
The Blue Stocking Club -	199
Concluſion - - - -	205

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PREFACE.

INSTRUCTION ſhould be the moral aim of every writer; but to attain this laudable end, many and mighty obſtacles are to be overcome. Prejudices and averſions, partialities and diſguſts, local attachments and inveterate habits are to be laid aſide. TRUTH alone muſt be the baſis on which he reſts his reputation. If he ever depart one ſingle point from this ſtrait line, his object is loſt. He may entertain by his wit, or charm by his eloquence; he can never convey improvement

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provement to the mind, or virtue to the heart of his reader. Fearleſs of reproach, and armed with conſcious rectitude, he muſt deſpiſe the menaces of individual reſentment, and brave the fury of tyrannic power. He muſt ſubmit with ſilent compoſure, to the inſults of irritated folly, and hold in ſcorn, the vindictive outrages of exaſperated vice; never ſuffering himſelf to be warped from the object he profeſſes to have in view;——the triumph of *equity* and *reaſon*, whereon the welfare of ſociety depends. On this principle, which reflection and humanity tell us is juſt, I have uniformly written. On the ſame principle I ſhall continue to write.

In the preſent, as in former inſtances, every weapon of malignity will be employed:—the rankeſt calumnies

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lumnies will be propagated, and all the forces of detraction let looſe, to depreciate my book, and to embitter my exiſtence; but the worſt ſhaft of my enemies is ſhed. I have long been a deſerter from the circles frequented by my calumniators, and have brought myſelf to conſider their bittereſt invective as the higheſt panegyric. In the courſe of life, I have been guilty of innumerable follies, but it is a joy, of which they can never deprive me, that on the ſevereſt ſcrutiny into my heart, I cannot charge myſelf with any flagrant crime. All the poiſoned arrows of ingenious malice have been already pointed againſt me, but not yet mortally wounded, I return to the charge, "Frangas, non flectes."

It is eaſy to anticipate the ſtupid

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clamours that will again be vociferated by thoſe *wiſeacres* who are ever ready to pronounce *definitively*, before they have reflected *deliberately*; and by thoſe *candid critics* who heſitate not to condemn, before they have diſcuſſed or read the ſubject of their condemnation.

For perſons of this deſcription, my talents, (ſuch as they are), have at no time been exerciſed. On ſuch minds, TRUTH can work no impreſſion. Her voice is only heard by thoſe generous ſouls capable of reflection; who have ſenſibility to bewail the terrible calamities which *error* and prejudice, ſanctioned by authority, have ſpread over the world;—who are enlightened enough to perceive, and honeſt enough to acknowledge the heavy chain of oppreſſions that goad and enſlave it.

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From the above cauſes, proceed that brutiſh ignorance and ſervitude, into which prieſts and tyrants, through the impious fraud of church and ſtate, have plunged the great maſs of mankind.—From them proceed, thoſe falſe alarms and terrors conjured up by their prieſtcraft and ſtatecraft, to kindle war, to *brutify* human nature, and induce men to butcher each other, for the moſt abſurd, frivolous, and wicked pretences. From *error* and *prejudice* ſo affectionately cheriſhed by all tyrants and their ſatellites, proceed thoſe national enmities, thoſe horrible proſcriptions, thoſe eternal wars, and revolting tragedies, that ſtill continue to deluge the earth with blood. In a word, from the above cauſes, proceeds the uncertainty in which mortals remain, concerning their

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their cleareſt duties, their ſelf-evident rights. In every climate, man has hitherto been no better than a wretched captive, without energy, reaſon, or virtue; from whom a banditti of mercileſs *gaolers* ſhut out the light of day.

How many noble ſpirits are now groaning in bondage, baniſhed from their country and friends owing to this ſource of calamity; theſe *prejudices* and errors engrafted on monarchy and ſuperſtition, which enſlave, impoveriſh, and lay waſte the world.

To return from this digreſſion.

The cry that formerly reſounded againſt me was, "that I had not even "ſpared my *beſt friend*,"

"Nec *cuiquam* parcit *Amicæ*."

Now I preſume, the cry will be, that I have not ſpared my *deareſt miſtreſs*.

"Nec *cuiquam* parcit *Amicæ*."

The

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The objection in either caſe is *equally juſt*; "how mean, how unmanly to "calumniate helpleſs, unreſiſting wo-"men."

Such will be the clamour; but the philoſopher, the man of ſenſe, will judge differently; nor can I believe, from the majority of names and characters contained in this volume, that the amiable part of the ſex will be offended at the freedom taken with thoſe who diſgrace it. On the contrary, it is on their ſuffrage and curioſity, that I greatly depend, for the moſt flattering approbation my book can receive.

At all events, I ſhall be countenanced in my preſent undertaking by the authority of the greateſt ancient and modern writers, and ſhall have only

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only to lament my own inability to purſue the ſame path with more equal ſteps.

Lucilius, Horace, Perſius, Juvenal, Boileau*, Rochefoucault, La Bruyere, Pope, Young, &c. &c. all indulged their ſatire on this redundant ſubject; and I appeal to candour, whether thoſe *Britiſh dames*, whom I have ventured to *recommend* to further notice, do not open an unbounded field for its wideſt range. So delicate however, is the ſenſibility of the preſent age, without confining the obſervation to either ſex, that the follies and vices of the great muſt not be touched. They muſt have an excluſive patent

* The ſatires upon women are univerſally conſidered as the chef d'oeuvres of Juvenal and Boileau's immortal productions.

for

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for every crime. Through tattered rags, ſmall vices will appear. Robes and fur gowns hide all.

I diſdain the influence of ſuch unjuſt, unnatural maxims; it is againſt the great, the rich, the powerful alone, that my pen has uniformly been, and ever ſhall be directed; becauſe, after the moſt impartial ſcrutiny into the ſtate of civil ſociety, I am morally convinced, that all the deſtructive vices, all the revolting ſcenes of hideous wretchedneſs we behold, flow from their ſelfiſh, obdurate example.

Nevertheleſs, the *wicked* reproach of *perſonality* will once more reverberate on my ear, but miſerably impotent and defective muſt that ſatire ever prove, which does not ſtrike at *perſons*.

Lucilius, whom Horace deſcribes

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as the inventor of ſatire, attacked all ſexes and conditions *nominally* and *indiſcriminately*,

" Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim."

Yet patricians of the higheſt rank and character in Rome; Scipio and Lælius did not regard this poet, as unworthy of their friendſhip, and occaſionally aſſiſted him in his writings. They delivered up to his wholeſome ridicule, the eccentric or vicious characters of the whole Republic, not even oppoſing the freedom, with which he indulged his Muſe againſt Lupus and Metellus, perſons of conſular dignity.

" ——————num Lælius, aut qui
" Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthaginenomen,
" Ingenio offenſi aut læſo doluere Metello,
" Famoſiſve Lupo cooperto verſibus?

—Horace likewiſe, ſo far from dread-

ing

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ing perſecution or any fatal conſe-quences from the *perſonality* of his writings, not content with naming the *perſon*, is careful alſo to point out, the very foible of the fool or knave who fall under his ſatire.

" Pantolabo Scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti."

Yet Horace was not *proſecuted* for his works, although he lived under the government of a jealous and re-vengeful tyrant*, who had juſt eſta-bliſhed a ſyſtem of deſpotiſm, on the wreck of his country's freedom. Both the Emperor and his miniſter protected and encouraged him in his career. He was the friend of Mæcenas, the favourite poet of Auguſtus.

Perſius who flouriſhed during the

* It muſt be admitted that Horace was by no means ſparing of adulation on Auguſtus.

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reign of Nero, was daring enough to ſatirize the tyrant himſelf, but the monſter Nero, that enemy of human reaſon, that ſcourge of mankind ſuffered Perſius to remain in quiet, conceiving it beneath the dignity of the purple, to interfere with the buſineſs of the poet.

The honeſt, but indignant muſe of Juvenal, found a munificent patron in the mild Emperor Trajan, as did La Bruyere and Boileau a liberal protector in that ſanguinary KING, Loüis XIV.

Our own countryman Mr. Pope, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke on the ſubject of *perſonality*, remarks, "that "the moſt complete triumph he ever "felt, was on reflecting that wretches "who appeared inſenſible to every "thing elſe, were ſtill affected by his "ſatires;"

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" ſatires;" ſo, if I could draw a tear of ſenſibility, or extort a pang of ſhame and remorſe from the marble heart of a Lady A-ch-r or B-kh-mſ-re, I ſhould eſteem myſelf *almoſt* as *great* a *conqueror* as the *great* Lord M-lg-ve, our *gallant defender* of Toulon, or even as our *r-y-l Dunkirk hero* himſelf, who ſo oft in *embryo*, has atchieved the conqueſt of France.

Under the ſanction of ſuch high authorities, why then ſhould an author be afraid to give full ſcope to his honeſt indignation, that fools and Rogues may reſt ſecure in the *privilege* of tranſgreſſion, and enjoy tranquillity? Never would I provoke a tear from the eye of innocence, or plant a thorn in the boſom of unprotected beauty; and I ſhould hold myſelf infamous

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were a ſingle line ever to eſcape from my pen, that could add to the afflictions of poverty, or increaſe the meaſure of unmerited misfortune. Such characters I have always held ſacred; but let not others, who yield unbounded ſcope for ſatire's rod, eſcape its laſh.

" When flattered crimes of a licentious age,
" Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage,
" When purchaſed follies from each diſtant land,
" Like arts improve in Britain's ſkilful hand,
" To chaſe our ſpleen, when themes like theſe increaſe,
" Shall panegyric reign, and cenſure ceaſe? [
" Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
" And ſatirize with nothing but their praiſe?"

I cannot however, agree with the poet Lucilius, as to the juſtice of general ſatire. Surely, the crimes of the poor, (if they deſerve the name of crime), inſtigated by want and temptation,

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tation, encouraged by example on all ſides, beſieged by ſeductive allurements of luxury and wealth, without any advantages from knowledge or education, launched on the wide world, friendleſs and forlorn, expoſed to all the danger of thoſe allurements, have a juſt claim on our compaſſion and beneficence, while no plea of juſtification can in truth be admitted, for the ſullen apathy of titled grandeur or flinty opulence, that amidſt all the ſuperfluities of ſtudied enjoyment, can look on a fellow creature naked in the ſtreet, periſhing with cold, and famiſhed for want of a morſel of bread, without adminiſtering a drop of pity, to comfort the miſerable outcaſt; or indeed, if perchance the ſmalleſt mite be beſtowed, the charity is almoſt univerſally accompanied with an inſult

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ſult or rebuke*; the minds of ſuch creatures being wholly wrapt up in ſchemes of further aggrandizement and avarice, petrified by proſperity, grant not a moment's conſideration to any ſubject, in which they do not conceive their own vile intereſt either directly

* Whoever is in the habit of walking the ſtreets of London, muſt have been often ſtruck with ſimilar ſpectacles, and the humane obſerver will have been frequently ſhocked at the contemptuous and reproachful manner in which the *ſnug*, wealthy citizen, when giving his reluctant halfpenny confers the donation. Charity however is not wholly confined to the metropolis. Travelling lately through Reading, I ſaw a printed paper fixed on the wall of a turnpike-houſe, requeſting in the magiſtrate's names, that no perſon would give any thing to the poor, who if they preſumed to approach the town, pariſh officers were ordered to ſeize and commit them as vagrants to the houſe of correction. Let us then no more inveigh againſt our *juſt*, *merciful*, and *equal* laws; much leſs, againſt our *wiſe*, *tender hearted* magiſtrates entruſted with the execution of them.

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directly or indirectly concerned; yet with unparallelled effrontery, they dare to tell us, "that things cannot go better, that our present happy system, (which yields every thing to the few, and withholds almost every thing from the many), is the *envy and admiration of the whole world.*" With this assertion they insult misery, while thousands within sight of their own *palaces*, have not bread to eat;—while perhaps, a mother with infant twins naked at her breast, is dying for want at their very doors. Such scenes I have often witnessed in those very quarters

them. Let every man who would strengthen the bond of fraternization in society, and by *desperate* innovation, rescue a fellow creature from the fangs of want, meet with his deserts.—May all LEVELLERS who would rejoice to behold a reform take place, which might do away the mischief resulting from unbounded wealth in one individual, and from extreme poverty in another, be hanged; and may the *cursed*

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quarters of the town where ariſtocracy flouriſhes moſt triumphant.

If the haughty Patricians, the opulent bankers, the mitred, pampered pluraliſts, the mercantile ariſtocracy of this country performed their duty; —if all the privileged orders, the ſuperior ranks of both ſexes, faithfully diſcharged the obligations which they owe to poverty and misfortune, priſons would not be filled with felons and debtors, our poor houſes with innumerable outcaſt victims expoſed to every worſt ſpecies of tyranny and cruelty, nor our ſtreets with ſtarving beggars, whoſe hideous condition, it harrows up the ſoul of ſenſibility to behold.

Revoluticniſt who would procure to every human creature a decent dinner to eat, and a comfortable bed to lie on, be *guillotined!*

We truſt that theſe *congenial prayers* will recommend us to Mr. Reeves' tutelary patronage.

Contemplate

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Contemplate the hungry, rapacious ſtock jobbers, the *bold*, *adventurous* lottery brokers, driving their hard bargains, with a corrupt, hypocritical, peculating miniſter; each party accommodating the other; equal ſpoilers and plunderers of the public. Behold the C——, the R—— the T———, every one of theſe blood-ſuckers wallowing in riches to the probable amount of half a million, ſtill panting for more. Are the hearts of theſe leeches ſoftened by the poſſeſſion of ſuch ſcandalous monopoly? Is one five hundred thouſandth part of it devoted to any liberal or beneficial purpoſe? Is it not evident that their avarice keeps pace with their wealth, and are not all their thoughts engroſſed in forming projects of further accumulation?

It is the moſt glaring outrage on

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common decency and humanity for theſe monopolizers in league with Miniſters, to proclaim the actual proſperity of Britain. If it be ſo, if the whole iſland be *bonâ fide* in that flouriſhing ſtate in which it is pompouſly deſcribed, then they who excluſively enjoy the fruits of this proſperity, amidſt ſuch a deplorable ſcene of wretchedneſs as is every where viſible, muſt be the moſt profligate, hardened race of men, that ever diſgraced human life, to permit ſuch a boundleſs ſum of miſery to exiſt; to let famine ſtalk at large through the land, on the wreck of ruined commerce and manufactures, without offering the ſmalleſt pittance from their enormous, ill-gotten pelf for its relief.

Before adminiſtration ſhall again dare to order their Attorney General to inſtitute proſecutions a-

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gainſt men goaded by ſuffering, for giving vent to their complaints; let it remove the cauſe of thoſe complaints. It is the prerogative of affliction to complain; more ſacred, more natural than any factitious titles or immunities which *privileged impoſtors* enjoy; but we are now told by our legiſlators, (our forefathers thought otherwiſe), that nothing ought to be dreaded from the prerogative of Kings, therefore they may indulge it according to their own diſcretion*. The RIGHTS OF MAN however, as we fatally experience at the preſent juncture, are not to be enjoyed with impunity. Againſt argument and reaſon, force is employed, and in virtue of

* Such is the decent conſtitutional language almoſt unanimouſly uſed in both houſes of parliament during the preſent ſeſſions, 1794. It behoves the people to hold it in remembrance.

Baſtiles,

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Baſtiles, irons, pillories, fines, and BOTANY BAY*, aſſertion triumphs over *proof*, and they carry all before them. The conteſt for the moment ſeems unequal, but *truth* has unfolded her banners, and immenſe numbers are daily repairing to her ſtandard.

The vain pomp and pageantries of courts, the *crocodile* ſplendour of fortune, (whoſe character has been faithfully deſcribed), have been always an ignis fatuus to ſeduce the people to their ruin. They have ſerved as an uſeful ſhelter to every exceſs of folly, every enormity of crime: while the deepeſt diſtreſſes, the moſt urgent wants, are rejected as pleas of extenuation for the ſlighteſt tranſgreſſions often committed, becauſe no other alternative

* Barbarous and perſecuting as the ſpirit of the times may be, *opinions cannot be held libellous*, and the

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ternative preſented itſelf, whereby the crying exigencies of famiſhed nature could

the Author ſolemly proteſts to God, that he had rather have been Claudius or Caligula, Nero, Tiberius, or the *Chriſtian*, blood-ſtained Conſtantine, than the man who, in cold blood, could deliberately ſign a warrant againſt thoſe Patriot Martyrs, Muir, Skirving, Margarot, Palmer, and Gerald, whoſe only crime conſiſted *in having ſupported Mr. Pitt's own original ſyſtem of reform.*

If the purity of theſe men's lives were comparatively examined with the lives of their perſecutors, what a maſs of corruption would the latter appear.

Poſterity however, perhaps the preſent generation, ere long, will reflect with amazement and indignation, that on the 8th of February, 1794, the four firſt named citizens, without a moment's previous notice, were ſurpriſed in their beds by the Newgate ruffians, chained and handcuff'd like the vileſt felons, and thus conveyed to Woolwich, where they were ſet on board a tranſport ready to receive them. A few hours afterwards, the veſſel dropped down the river, but during the ſhort interval it remained at Woolwich, all communication was cut off between them and their friends. Even the wife of Margarot was denied admiſſion to him.

Such

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could be ſupported. Where then can be the crime, where the diſgrace of ſtriking at vice and folly, wherever they are to be found, intrenched under the ramparts of worldly proſperity, of perſevering to advocate the cauſe of the oppreſſed, of ſtriving to improve the condition of the poor, by awaking the rich to a ſenſe of their duty towards them; of endeavouring to expoſe in genuine colours, the madneſs of entruſting one man with almoſt

Such were the poſitive orders which the Commander ſaid he had received from that *liberal-minded, incorrupt* Miniſter Mr. H-n-ry D--d-ſs.

For the CRIMES with which they were charged; —for the conduct of the judges who tried, and for the *honourable impartiality* and *independence* of the SPECIAL JURIES who found verdicts againſt the pannels, we refer to their reſpective trials, on peruſal of which, the diſpaſſionate reader will be able to form a juſt opinion and to decide on the caſe.

unlimited

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unlimited powers, that are only to ceaſe with his life; powers which, from the very eſſence of human nature, are morally ſure to be abuſed*; of pointing out the ruinous tendency of enormous wealth, to harden the heart of him who poſſeſſes it; and finally, of proving, that all the wretchedneſs we perceive throughout the world is derivable from the above cauſes,—from having ſtrayed ſo wide from the pure and equal ſyſtem of nature? "Nunquam aliud natura, "aliud ſapientia dicit†."

Wealth and power are without diſ-

* "Make me a King to day (exclaimed St. "André in the Jacobin club), and I ſhall be a "Robber to-morrow." I beg leave to *qualify* the expreſſion; "inveſt a man with full powers of g-v--m--t to day, he will *moſt likely* abuſe them to-morrow." *Exempli gratiâ* WILLIAM PITT.

† Juvenal.

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pute the *grand* corrupters, the *petrifiers* of the human heart. Whoever has attained the age of thirty, and held any intercourſe with the world, if not convinced of this *truth*, muſt be either incapable of reflection, or ſo blinded by prejudice as to be impenetrable proof againſt it. Let us only recur to ſuch examples as muſt have fallen within every man's obſervation in the journey through life. How many perſons have we known, while under a cloud of adverſity, the frowns of the world upon them, who appeared the very milk of human kindneſs, never expreſſing a ſentiment that did not breath fraternal love and the pureſt philanthropy, regarding money as the moſt contemptible droſs; happy to divide their ſlender moiety with the children of adverſity; ſympathizing

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ſympathizing in all their misfortunes. But let us contemplate theſe very identical perſons on a future day, when ſuddenly or unexpectedly raiſed to a proſperous ſtate; the bleſſings of fortune ſhowered down upon them; what a reverſe ſucceeds; the character alters with the ſituation; ſympathy is at once deſtroyed; the companions of their unhappy hours forgotten; no marble or adamant harder than their ſouls, inexorably ſteeled againſt every generous or tender impreſſion.

Let us now proceed to conſider the nature of *power*, and we ſhall diſcover its baneful effects to be equally pernicious, and univerſal. *Miſtreſſes* never fail to abuſe the dominion they hold over their lovers, when they have once gained an aſcendant, becoming the *verieſt Tyrants*; and where does hiſtory record a Monarch or a Stateſman who

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has not more or leſs, been debauched by its ſeductions?

Nero in his youth, was diſtinguiſhed for moderation, and afforded many tokens of a virtuous, compaſſionate diſpoſition*, but no ſooner elevated to the imperial purple, than his character underwent a complete revolution, the Man degenerated into a *Monſter*; nor laws divine nor human, barred his way to the perpetration of every crime;—He gradually advanced from one enormity to another, and

* We read in Suetonius, that Nero, before he was made Emperor, could only with the greateſt difficulty, be brought to ſign a warrant of death againſt the moſt flagitious criminal, and that he never failed to weep, in execution of that painful office. KINGS, in our days, from frequent practice, appear perfectly eaſy and familiarized to this duty, and the ſenſibility of Nero did not ſurvive his inveſtiture with imperial power.

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finally, to reach the climax of horror, ſtruck at the author of his exiſtence, and drenched his hands in a mother's blood.

But why go back to antiquity for proofs of my aſſertion? What age is more redundant in ſimilar examples than our own? The *impudent** *apoſtate*,

* The word IMPUDENT was never more characteriſtically applied to any man, than it is to this hardened Impoſtor. Other men in his place have fixed ſome bounds to their audacity, *but he knows none.* Secure in his Parliamentary majority, he vainly imagines the people at large a mere nonentity, and conceives that danger can never reach him; thus, he ſets the public at defiance, and inwardly laughs at their tameneſs and ſtupidity. Nevertheleſs, a ſtorm may be gathering round him. No inſtance of *brutality* or *impudence* can ſurprize us in that man who loudly in the preſence of his country, ~~in~~ extolled ~~ſulted~~, approved, and warmly commended the ſentences of proſcription, impriſonment, and tranſportation, paſſed againſt his countrymen ſolely for attempting

tate, who at the beginning of his career, ſtood forth the *champion of the people's rights*, whoſe profeſſions in the cauſe of reform, kept pace with the moſt ſanguine enthuſiaſm of na-

tempting to procure a reform of grievances, *by the very ſame means which he himſelf a few years ago employed*, and on the principles of which, the people raiſed him to his ſituation. All *amazement* on the ſcore of *impudence* from *him* is at an end; but we muſt ſtill admire his *wonderful confidence* in the preſent ſyſtem of deluſion, as of late exhibited in his Majeſty's (that is the Miniſter's) ſpeech, where, at a moment, when every *Royaliſt* in the nation, was deploring with *broken heart*, the diſgraces and defeats which had befallen the Britiſh arms, and the victories of the French, in honour of which a civic feſtival had been celebrated in Paris; we are inſulted with affected *ſerious* congratulations on the ſucceſſes that had been obtained by the allied powers, and the HAPPY CHANGE that had taken place in their favour; while eight days had not then tranſpired, ſince government received intelligence of the dreadful unparralleled diſaſters of Toulon, and of the brilliant and important conqueſts gained by the French, on the banks of the Rhine. When will the mote be extracted from the eye of Britons?

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tional credulity; no ſooner do we behold him, *this decreed enemy of the human race*, inveſted with power, than he at once throws off the maſk, deſerts his benefactors who truſted and exalted him, maintains with all his might the utmoſt ſtretch of royal prerogative, and comes forward the *avowed*, unbluſhing ſatellite of influence and corruption;—when we reflect on this monſter of obduracy, perfidy, and ingratitude, in whoſe breaſt neither ſhame nor pity ever found a moment's reſidence; dead to every liberal paſſion of the ſoul; who firſt beggared the nation by his taxes, and then afterwards enſlaved it by his politics. —When we reflect I ſay, on the cold-blooded treachery of this man, Sejanus and Rufinus, profligate and cruel as they were, appear angels of light, and we are

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are inſpired with diſguſt by the nation that tolerates ſuch a Dæmon of political corruption, and baſe diſſimulation. Nay, the reflection of a Traitor ſo long exulting in his crimes, his influence hitherto increaſing, with the horrors he has produced, would almoſt tempt us to queſtion the exiſtence of an all-ruling wiſdom, did not experience hold out to us this conſoling truth. Such men are raiſed to power, that their fall may be more exemplary and tremendous.

" ———tolluntur in altum,
" Ut lapſu graviore ruant*."

The fate of Sejanus and Rufinus is well known, and probably we have not long to wait for a further illuſtration of the examples. Truth and error are now at iſſue. Error may have

* Claudian in Rufinum.

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atchieved a deceitful, tranſitory advantage, but victory cannot long ballance between them*. Tyrants have often tortured the advocates of Truth and philoſophy, but the cauſe has never failed eventually to triumph. Galileo died in a dungeon, after

* The general principles and talents of the ſupporters of deſpotiſm, with the means adopted for its preſervation, are the ſureſt prognoſtics of its ſpeedy diſſolution. P-tt, G-nv-lle, St-rm-t,—the whole neſt of court vermin;—the opulent, and NOBLE *Alarmiſts* would behold their country reduced to a ſtate of the moſt grievous, intolerable bondage, rather than *imagine* one of their own *dirty* acres endangered;—the leaſt of their abſurd and excluſive privileges called in queſtion.——Such are the creatures, whoſe *imagined* intereſts and affected opinions are to triumph, over the immortal TRUTHS, which we have heard, not only from the moſt virtuous patriots, and wiſeſt men of the *preſent age*, but which alſo have been tranſmitted to us by the moſt enlightened philoſophers and diſintereſted characters of *all ages* and *all countries*.

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many, many years confinement at Florence; but the ſyſtem of Galileo ſurvived the Martyr, and is now univerſally acknowledged throughout the civilized world. So, ſhall our cauſe ſpeedily rejoice, its oppreſſors bite the duſt, and expiate their crimes againſt virtue and freedom. So, ſhall the unfeeling apoſtate from the principles of his elevation, the guilty wretch who conceiving himſelf above the reach of uſtice, ſanctions and applauds the cruelleſt puniſhments inflicted on others, for having only followed the example into which he himſelf betrayed them, be ſwept away, and a happy millenium ſucceed. The cloud ſeems gathering over the traitor's head, pregnant with ruin, and ready to burſt upon him. Whenever the hour of retribution *may* come an outraged, exaſperated

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exaſperated people, will admit no ſuſpenſion of ſentence. "There will then be no time for RELIGION or *hypocricy* to go to work. They'll do the deed, and ne'er FAST nor PRAY for it*. BOTANY BAY will *not* be the ſeat of puniſhment.

He will have no cauſe to ſhew, why judgment ſhould not be *immediately* executed. He can never plead a title to indulgence or compaſſion from a people, whom he had betrayed and delivered up to the blood hounds of war;—whom he had beggared by his impoſts, and goaded by his oppreſſions. As in the plenitude of his power, he never ſhewed mercy, ſo in his downfall, he can expect none. As it was to the *Great*, *his* favors were

* Otway's Venice preſerved.

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excluſively granted; ſo by the *Poor*, will his fate be finally pronounced. In that awful moment, his coward heart, will again ſhrink from danger, as we formerly witneſſed on return from his *triumphal* entry into the city of London, when he was aſſailed by half a dozen Iriſh chairmen attached to Mr. Fox's party, who drove this *nicknamed heaven-born Miniſter* before them; his cheeks blanched with fear, and reduced him to the *diſgrace* of flying for ſhelter to White's drinking brothel in St. James's ſtreet, where he now forever celebrates his nocturnal orgies. Let us then leave him to his doom.

In delineating the following characters, I have confined myſelf to no particular ſtyle, careful only to preſerve the moſt faithful likeneſs of the originals.

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originals. While the conduct and example of their *ſuperiors*, (both men and women), continue to have ſuch vaſt influence in vitiating or reforming the morals of ſociety, the people cannot be too well informed of the manners and habits of theſe ſuperiors, in order that they may be enabled to judge what degree of faith is due to the opinions of ſuch perſons, and how far they are worthy of reſpect, or objects of emulation. The *ſatire* will be too pointed, ever to be miſunderſtood, and I truſt the *ſerious* reflections with which it is interſperſed, even in this iron age, will not be altogether unimpreſſive. The object of theſe writings is to give a perfect ſketch of the manners of the day, from which ſubject, moral and political obſervations muſt neceſſarily *occur*, and as they do

occur,

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occur, it will be perceived, that I indulge all the honeſt freedom of truth; but in the ſincerity of truth, I ſwear, that in no one inſtance, are they tinctured with SECRET malice and revenge, growing from *perſonal* animoſity or diſappointment. *Open* enmity againſt thoſe whom I regard as the foes of humanity, leagued againſt the freedom of nations, againſt the peace and happineſs of the world, to perpetuate their own unjuſt, partial, and murderous ſyſtem, it is my glory to avow. The language marked by my pen, is the language that flows from my heart, which alive to the miſeries and wrongs of my fellow creatures, glows with indignation againſt Minions whom it conſiders as the authors of them.

I have endeavoured in this preface to vindicate the principles on which it

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is founded, and to prove from the greateſt examples both of ancient and modern times, that the ſubject is fair and honourable; but I am not ſo ignorant of the *gallantry*, *loyalty*, and enthuſiaſm peculiar to moſt of my countrymen at the preſent criſis, as to ſuppoſe, that *my exertions* will not be honoured with their *denunciations*; conſcious however, of the integrity with which I write, I am perfectly indifferent as to the verdict I may receive from them; anxious only to obtain the ſuffrage of thoſe who are the friends and advocates of TRUTH, the lovers of their kind; to whom, without waiting for their permiſſion, I dedicate my book.

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ERRATA.

PREFACE.

Page vii. *for* ſhed, *read* ſped.
xv. *for* nomentanoque, *read* Nomentanoque.
xx. *for* grants, *read* grant
ibid *for* vagarants, *read* vagrants
xxxiii. *for* inſulted, *read* extolled
xliii. *for* denounciations, *read* denunciations.

CHARACTERS.

Page 2 *for* religion, *read* etiquette
24 *for* all her charms, *read* her charms
36 *for* emblems whereon the gloomy features, *read* features whereon the gloomy emblems
42 *for* women, *read* woman
44 *for* monarchs, *read* princes
ibid. *for* ſome years, *read* ſome years ago
46 *for* uniformerly, *read* uniformly.
59 *line* xi. *for* than, *read* that
62 *line* ii. *for* have their, *read* has its
64 *for* fruſtante, *read* fruſtrate
ibid. ~~*for* reverſe, *read* reverence~~
66 *for* perfect, *read* protect
71 *for* ſubdue them, *read* ſubdue
78 *for* effect, *read* affect
80 *for* taking, *read* taken
84 *for* eminent, *read* imminent
88 *for* would be competent, *read* it would be competent
91 *for* adventures, *read* advantages
124 *for* affibility, *read* affability
136 *for* countrywoman, *read* Caledonian
138 *for* a model, *read* an example
141 *for* my Lady ſeemed, *read* but my Lady ſcorned
159 *for* or that as, *read* or that
161 *for* accomodate, *read* accomodating
164 *for* aſſociates, *read* aſſociate
171 *for* purquoi, *read* pourquoi
176 *for* denies, *read* denied
184 *for* Britiſh belles, *read* Britania's daughters
188 *for* annual ball and ſupper once a year, *read* annual ball and ſupper
192 *for* verſality, *read* verſatility
ibid. *for* by, *read* by whom he has been
194 *for* N-mptunch, *read* N-mptwich
ibid. *for* wiſeleſly, *read* wiſely.

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THE

FEMALE

JOCKEY CLUB.

THE R—Y—L B—T—SH P—C—SS—S.

WE have frequently on former occaſions inveighed againſt the ſtupid barbarous prejudices of Royalty, as creating unnatural diſtinctions fatal to the happineſs and comforts of ſociety, concentering in one narrow focus, and laviſhing on one individual, thoſe treaſures which would rejoice the hearts of millions, and remove every appearance of penury and wretchedneſs from the face of the earth. In another ſenſe, theſe prejudices deſerve no leſs to be condemned, ſacrificing the

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loveliest part of the creation to the sterile solitude of celibacy, as if *Royalty* were incompatible with *Nature*, and to be born a *Princess*, were sufficient to preclude, from all her dearest and most exquisite enjoyments.

True indeed, royal blood is not of itself considered a barrier against the rites of Hymen, but when we reflect how few are eligible to marriage with the daughter of a king, and on the other insurmountable difficulties, which ~~Religion~~ *Etiquette* opposes to such unions, it may fairly be said, that they almost amount to *absolute exclusion*.

It would argue a callous heart to behold the royal virgins who form the subject of this chapter, without feeling the complete force of the above reflection. In the bloom of youth, in all the glowing exuberance of health, formed as it were by nature expressly for those ineffable delights, from which this miserable etiquette of regal grandeur has debarred them, in full meridian of all their splendour, possessing every exterior advantage calculated to excite vulgar envy or admiration, pampered by foreign luxuries, and a naturally sanguine temperament enflamed by diet, still are they less

blessed,

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bleſſed, than the poor peaſants daughter, born humble or bred hard, who free and unreſtrained, ſimplicity and truth her guides, giving ſcope to her ſenſibility, flies to her ruſtic lover's arms, and there loſes herſelf in a delirious trance of ecſtatic joy.

In foreign courts, the miſery of this elevated ſtation is not ſo ſenſibly felt, becauſe the etiquette is far leſs ſevere. At Verſailles under the old French monarchy, paſſions ranged free as air, no ſooner inſpired than means were found of indulging them. Example ſerved to enforce GREAT NATURE'S laws, and VENUS did not wait for HYMEN'S myſteries, to ſanctify conſummation. In this particular inſtance only, did *Nature* triumph at the old French court.

At the court of Berlin, ſtill greater latitude is allowed. There, every woman profeſſes gallantry; every youth is a *lover* or BELOVED; the king himſelf a GENERAL lover.

In the courts of Italy, the *ladies* have all their *Ciciſbeos*; jealouſy is unknown to the huſband; the wife feels it only for her gallant, and the climate will not admit of unnatural reſtrictions.

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But in the Britiſh court, where connubial chaſtity ſits enthroned, where female gallantry is conſidered as an unpardonable crime, and where Hypocriſy too often puts on the maſk of *pudency*, to conceal the burning ardor of ſtifled paſſion;

'There, if woman, ſenſe and nature's eaſy fool,
'If poor weak woman ſwerve from virtue's rule,
'If ſtrongly urged, ſhe quit the thorny way,
'And in the ſofter paths of pleaſure ſtray,
'Ruin enſues, reproach and endleſs ſhame,
'And one falſe ſtep entirely damns her fame*."

It can never be ſufficiently regretted, that courts are not more uniform in their example:—that they ſhould be partial, and not general in ſupport of virtue. But there, alas! Nature is eternally diſtorted. The ſenſible unfortunate woman who obeys her commands, is diſgraced, held up as a vile criminal, and through the influence which theſe courts have obtained, hurled down from her rank, becomes at once an outcaſt of ſociety; while the *real*, the *grand* criminals, they who outrage nature in torturing her productions, who live by hy-

* Jane Shore.

pocriciſy,

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pocriſy, and riot on the plunder of indigence and labour—They, at whoſe repelling gates *Lazarus* ſtands ſhivering, benumbed by the piercing blaſts of winter, all blotched with leproſy and diſeaſe, the dire effects of his forlorn houſeleſs condition, are preſented as paragons of perfection, models of imitation; thus by their example, hardening the heart, and poiſoning the ſource of all true virtue and happineſs.

It is by ſtraying ſo far wide from nature's rules, abiding by thoſe dreadful prejudices which tyrant cuſtom under a moſt immoral and unnatural ſanction has introduced, that we are now condemned daily to hear of the diſtracted and deſolating ſcenes, from which, humanity at firſt revolts, but from which it ſtill derives a ray of conſolation and of joy, under the delightful hope, that they will at length force us to return to the right path, and effectually to deſtroy thoſe baſe barbarous diſtinctions, originating in uſurpation, founded in conqueſt, and which never ſhould be allowed to exiſt in a ſociety, compoſed of beings of the ſame ſpecies, any further, than as one perſon may have a claim of precedency over another, by ſuperior

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perior excellence in wiſdom or in virtue. That is the only juſt criterion whereby mortals have a right to be guided, in the diſtribution of excluſive honours and rewards.

But the tyrannical cuſtom of courts ſerves even to poiſon the exiſtence of thoſe moſt intereſted in their preſervation. It often condemns them to eternal privation of thoſe heavenly enjoyments, which *nature* has indulgently yielded, to make the bitter draught of life go down. It deprives the offspring of royalty of thoſe common but inexpreſſible pleaſures, in which the meaneſt claſſes of ſociety are bleſſed. Stupid infatuation! Degraded condition of humanity! Can it be morally or politically proved, that the world is wiſer or better from theſe factitious prepoſterous inſtitutions? On the contrary, does it require the capacity of an ideot to convince us, that the preſent expiring ſyſtem has been an eternal ſource of corruption and miſery to us all? as happineſs can never be perfect; (it were impoſſible to be ſo), while we are thus diſtracted amongſt ourſelves, while even the children of monarchs are forbidden to partake in what conſtitutes the chief ſolace and delight

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delight of exiſtence;—while ſome creatures are revelling in all ſuperfluous delicacies and luxuries, at the ſame time, that others are expoſed to periſh for want of convenient neceſſaries.

This digreſſion cannot be irrelevant from the preſent article. They who are the ſubjects of it muſt often themſelves lament the cruel abſurdity complained of, for *nature will prevail*, nor can there poſſibly exiſt a rational cauſe, why their royal birth ſhould be held an obſtacle againſt thoſe pleaſures and advantages, which plebeians are ſtill ſuffered to enjoy.

In ſhort, morals and politics forbid all ſuch reſtraints. To thwart *nature*, muſt be ever fatal. In obeying her decrees, we muſt ever be right, and according to this logical truth, what muſt be the character of courts, in eternal variance and contradiction to her immutable laws? But it is impoſſible to calculate the evils reſulting from theſe *royal* excluſions. Have we not heard of the moſt deſperate exceſſes, even of inceſt, being committed in conſequence thereof? A ſiſter raging with the fire of nature, checked in her courſe, flies to a brother's arms, and, regardleſs of the crime, conſults

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conſults alone the gratification of her ardent invincible paſſion.

Such things we know have been, and ſuch things muſt ever be, as long as we attempt to interrupt nature in her operations.

If however theſe *imperial* victims be at any time fortunate enough to gain permiſſion to participate in the rights of their creation, by what ſacrifice is it obtained? They muſt conſent to engage in the *holy* ſtate of matrimony with thoſe whom they never ſaw, ſo that at beſt, all their felicity or miſery in life is left intirely to the mere effect of chance. Happily indeed royalty and ſenſibility do not often meet; therefore princeſſes are leſs expoſed to the evil conſequences of ill-ſorted marriage than perſons born in a ſubordinate ſphere. All however partake of the ſame nature; phyſical enjoyments are eſſential to us all. By them our ſpecies is propagated, and although we may refine ever ſo much upon them, yet ſurely it is the groſſeſt ſenſuality, when two individuals of different ſexes are betrothed and pledged to copulation, without any previous meeting or conference with each other; both parties

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parties utter ſtrangers. Such, nevertheleſs, is generally the *delicate refinement* of courts.

Formed neither by temper or education to delight in the inſipid jargon, the venal ſycophancy or diſguſting pageantry of palaces, we are, thank heaven, almoſt perſonal ſtrangers to their inmates. The author of the Jockey Club would be a very unwelcome obnoxious gueſt at Windſor or St. James', and being not uninſtructed by hiſtory in the uſual practices of courts, he is free to confeſs that he ſhould not feel in perfect eaſe and ſecurity amongſt ſuch company.

But let it not be inferred that the ſlighteſt imputation is here directed againſt the chaſtity of any of theſe ſequeſtered virgins. It would be ungenerous, under the circumſtances that have been ſtated, to pry too minutely into the *arcana* of a royal bedchamber, of which even had we the key, we ſhould not hold ourſelves juſtified in uſing it. There are ſituations which demand ſecrecy and compaſſion, and although the latter ſeldom flow from the precincts of a palace, yet it would be highly blameable in us to run into the very error we condemn.

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Let us then paſs over the babbling tales of ſcandal; if true, tenderneſs ought to ſeal our lips; if otherwiſe, it would be altogether unwarrantable to yield a ſanction to them; nothing could be more barbarous than to plant thorns on the pillow of beauty, languiſhing for want of nature's beſt enjoyments, or to create alarms which might prove deſtructive to any tender ſchemes, which feminine ſenſibility may have projected.

In what has been ſaid, the author has alluded rather to the ſituation, than to the character of the perſons alluded to. Far removed from their ſphere, his knowledge of them muſt be confined, but with a ſoul that feels for their condition, he wiſhes not to abate the ſcanty means of any preſent indulgence, or to anticipate the approach of any future diſaſter. He conſiders them as compoſed of the ſame materials as other beings, ſubject to that habitual prejudice and pride, inſeparable from royal birth and education. He therefore concludes this article with the moral advice that in the actual criſis, every department of a court ſhould undergo a thorough purgation.

OECONOMY, RETRENCHMENT, and GENERAL REFORM.

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HER R—Y—L H—N—SS, D—C—SS OF Y—K.

IT is not in the author's power to enter into a minute detail concerning this illuſtrious foreigner, Conſort to the royal Britiſh Hero, now ſerving his country with ſuch diſtinguiſhed ſucceſs in Flanders. Some very curious and intereſting anecdotes concerning her R-y-l H-n-ſs, are to be found in the Memoirs Secrets de la Cour de Berlin; a celebrated production from the elegant pen of the late M. de Mirabeau, and to that original ſource of information he begs leave to refer the reader.

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D--c--ss OF D--v--s--e.

"A woman lovelieſt of the loving kind,
"Her body perfect, and complete in mind."

The ingenious ſyſtem of Lavater is admirably illuſtrated in the character before us. An effulgent beaming countenance replete with expreſſion and ſenſibility, at once announces a ſuperiority of underſtanding, and the tendereſt ſympathies of a feeling beneficent heart. It is with delight that we turn away from the unnatural follies and prejudices of a court, to contemplate one, in whoſe perſon, virtue appears arrayed in her lovelieſt colours, ſet off by all the native charms of ſimplicity and beauty; like a perfect painting, the more attentively we examine it, the more excellencies we diſcover; but the beauties of her mind ſhine ſtill more reſplendent, than the graces of her perſon. No leſs ardent than ſincere in her attachments; how many tranſcendant proofs has ſhe afforded, both of one and the other! the value of thoſe liberal ſervices, which it is

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is her joy to perform, is always enhanced by the unaſſuming and kind manner that accompanies them. Of infinite vivacity, and poſſeſſed of the moſt lively imagination, ſhe once entered warmly into all the amuſements of this great city; but ſhe ſoon became diſguſted with their vapidity, and unlike the reſt of her companions, even in the vortex of diſſipation, ſhe never neglected the offices of humanity. Generous even to profuſion, and little ſkilled in the prudent arrangement of domeſtic œconomy, ſhe uniformly liſtened to the dictates of her heart, which were thoſe of charity and univerſal love. Many agents ſhe has been known to employ in different quarters, both in town and country, to diſcover the moſt indigent objects; and as ſoon as theſe objects were found, ſo ſure were they to obtain relief from her generous munificent ſpirit. But her liberality was by no means confined to one channel. With genius to diſcern, her purſe was ever open to reward, and her patronage exerted to advance literary and every other merit:

"Her's is the large ambitious wiſh,
"To make men bleſt: the ſigh for ſuffering worth
"Loſt

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" Loſt in obſcurity: the noble ſcorn
" Of titled pride; a juſt diſdain of grandeur,
" Th' awakened throb for virtue and for fame,
" The ſympathies of love and friendſhip dear,
" With all the ſocial offspring of the heart."

In a word, were the conſtitution of ſociety in this country to have been reformed by the example of one individual, this lovely women was born to accompliſh it. Wit, ſenſibility, gaiety, and every other engaging quality that conſtitutes the charm of ſocial life, united, have been however inſufficient to deſtroy the monotonous inſipidity, the diſtorted affectation, the innate vulgarity, which are ſo very remarkable in thoſe ſocieties of London, which are diſtinguiſhed by that *notorious miſnomer*, the '*beſt company*'.—The *beſt company*, creatures loſt in egotiſm and apathy, fatigued by the dull ſameneſs of their eternal diſſipation, devoid of intereſt to keep up their ſpirits, which flag in ſtupid languor and excite thoſe univerſal complaints which prevail amongſt them; each individual diſguſted and ſick with the other. Everlaſting yawning, *Oh what a bore!* and the laſt reſource, reciprocal ſcandal and diſcontent. Alas! what a vile abuſe of fortune,

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fortune, what a perverſion of her gifts, how calculated to exaſperate and arm the community againſt thoſe *ſuperior* beings, who, diſdainful of the miſeries of their fellow citizens, are only anxious to nouriſh and keep alive that *ennui* by which they are themſelves devoured; and who, if *ever* they are induced to contribute to the relief of diſtreſs, are led thereto by views of perſonal intereſt or vain oſtentation;—who will contribute hundreds to the comfort of rebel foreign refugees, while for the moſt part they refuſe one miſerable ſolitary guinea to the ſupport of their own countrymen wanting bread, by whoſe induſtry and labour, all their odious luxuries and ſuperfluities are provided*. Is this the policy that ought now to prevail? Is it to be imagined, that an oppreſſed poor, ſhould the day of retribution arrive, on examining the regiſter of

* The majority of our *great men* ſubſcribed hundreds for relief of the French Emigrants. To the ſame names we ſee 1l. 1s. ſubſcribed for ſupport of their own famiſhed countrymen. Child, the great banker's houſe, ſubſcribed 2l. 2. in behalf of the Spital-fields weavers, and Mr Pulteney, perhaps the richeſt individual in Great Britain, moſt *nobly* ſubſcribed *one pound one.*

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ariſtocratic contributions, which has lately appeared, will forget the unjuſt and barbarous diſparity there viſible? Will they be inclined to ſhew indulgence to thoſe, who have been ſo niggardly of their bounty towards them, while they have been ſo liberal thereof, towards a horde of *emigrant papiſts*, poured in on their country? No ſuch unnatural diſtinctions are not to be *forgotten*; it would be granting too great a latitude to ſuppoſe, they can ever be *forgiven*.

It does not appear that the D—c—ſs of D—v—ſ—re has countenanced theſe unjuſt ungrateful diſtinctions. Yielding to the impulſe of her own generous heart, ſhe never can. The prejudices of birth and education may not have entirely loſt their ſway; party ſpirit may ſtill in ſome degree keep alive thoſe prejudices, but ſhe who in ſo many other inſtances has evinced the virtue and piety of a Spartan or Roman matron*, will hardly riſk the high reputation ſhe has acquired in ſuffering

* The Ducheſs of Devonſhire nurſed her own children; a maternal duty, wholly neglected in the faſhionable world. The divine eloquence of Rouſſeau awakened

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fering herſelf to be hurried away by that violent precipitate torrent which has of late ſwept all before it. She will continue to build her charity on the baſis of truth and juſtice, and to aid as far as poſſible, to reſtore the public ſpirit to its proper ſphere. Not to be diſcouraged by the example of others, ſhe ought rather to draw a flattering compariſon in favour of herſelf, as ſo eſſentially different in every reſpect from her female contemporaries. Her paſſions we know are ardent, her attachments ſtrong, but her maſculine underſtanding, poliſhed and cultivated as it is, is formed to reſiſt and vanquiſh all the errors and prejudices of habit or connection.

Superiority of talents generally leads to ſuperior power. An indulgence of the effuſions of a liberal ſoul may have brought on difficulties and abridged that power. Conſtitutional phlegm in him, to whom ſhe is united by marriage may alſo contend againſt theefforts of virtuous and ardent ſenſibility, her means may be contract-

kened her ſenſibility, and no ſooner was ſhe inſpired with a ſenſe of her duty, than ſhe had virtue and reſolution to fulfil it.

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ed, but therefore she should be unremitting in her exertions to increase them. The easy temper of a worthy honest man, will not long oppose any system which promises to promote the cause of humanity. Once convinced, (but here, alas! lies the difficulty,) he perhaps might lend his assistance to prop the empire of truth, and if he had the disinterestedness to do so, he would enjoy the pre-eminent glory of having been the first in this country to establish the example. The public have a right to expect some instance of self-denial and regard for their sufferings from a nobility, who contend so vehemently and so obstinately against any plan of general reform, and who so insidiously propagate false alarms and terrors, as a motive for preserving the prevailing system exactly in its actual state. The power they possess is inhumanly exercised, and displays itself in hideous colours, in the arbitrary, cruel punishments of late inflicted on men, whose only crime is to hold opinions contrary to those, which they themselves maintain. The family with whom this lady is by marriage connected, had uniformly opposed Mr. P—tt's administration, (and never did the political

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litical meaſures of any miniſter call ſo loudly and ſo forcibly for general execration) till the French revolution avowing principles inimical to ariſtocratic privileges, detached part of them from the ſtandard of Mr. Fox, and induced them to join the enemy of liberty; miſerable jealouſy, mean, ſhort-ſighted policy; the cauſe of freedom once brought to iſſue, muſt triumph here, as we have ſeen it triumph elſewhere, over all the ſtrained exertions of deſpotiſm combined.

The D—ch—ſs of D—v—n—e, formerly diſplayed her zeal with animation and ſucceſs in the cauſe of *party*, does her generous ſoul feel leſs ardour in the divine cauſe of *liberty?* Her efforts ſeconded by her powerful charms, once prevailed over all the artifices of miniſterial corruption, and was ſhe now inſpired with equal ardour, ſhe might again enſure its defeat. In ſpeaking of her g—ce we are juſtified in holding a language different from what we ſhould hold to the generality of her ſex, becauſe ſhe has a ſoul capable of humanity, with a judgment and candour open to truth. We ſincerely congratulate this amiable perſon on her ſafe return to this country.

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The motive of her abſence ſerved to raiſe her in our eſteem. We ſincerely lament that her pious offices ſo faithfully, and ſo affectionately fulfilled towards her unhappy ſiſter, have not been crowned with their juſt reward; and we ſhall now take our leave, warmly recommending her to profit by our advice, and to devote her eminent abilities to the accompliſhment of that object, the virtue of which it has been our endeavour to enforce—to direct them againſt the prevailing ſyſtem of ariſtocratic corruptions, and to animate the phlegm of her huſband and his family.

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LADY EL—Z—B—TH F—T—R the particular friend and preſent companion of the D—C—SS of D—V—N—RE.

THE eccentricity of the H—V—Y family, by no means loſes its reputation in this lady, who is the true legitimate daughter of the E—L of B—T—L.

Before ſhe had attained the age of eighteen, ſhe was married to an Iriſh country gentleman of very conſiderable fortune, but of moſt contemptible talents, and apparently altogether deficient in thoſe *phyſical* perfections for which his countrymen in general are ſo diſtinguiſhed, and which are deemed ſo eſſentially neceſſary to preſerve unbroken the hymeneal contract. The extreme vivacity of Lady E—z—b—th, joined to her paſſion for admiration, could ill ſubmit to the drudgery of connubial life with ſuch a helpmate, and ſhe very ſoon diſpenſed with the tedious forms of ceremony, and left *caro ſpoſo*, that ſhe might ſhine forth

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forth a conſtellation in the bright regions of the faſhionable world.

Her ladyſhip was by nature a *rover*, and in all the different courts ſhe has viſited, ſhe bound the princes in chains and the nobles in fetters of iron. She atchieved a tranſitory victory over the *antiphyſical* appetites of the late king of Sweden, and for a time inſpired him with a deſire of *natural* pleaſures; ſhe thawed the ice of the D—e of D——, animated the folly of the D—ke of C—l—d, and like another DANAE, converted old Cardinal de Bernis at Rome, into a JUPITER PLUVIUS; but the generality of her lovers were treated moſt unmercifully, it being her delight, firſt to intice unhappy victims into her net, and then abandon them to all the piquing ſeverity of ridicule and laughter; not however that this accompliſhed fair one was dead to the ineffable tranſports of love; but to uſe a French phraſe, "*Elle ſavait les* "*menager*," knowing, that nothing palls the appetite or deſtroys ſenſe ſo ſoon as frequent repetitions of enjoyment. She therefore was *choice* and *delicate* in her amours, although

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rather *lax* in her principles, for ſhe contrived to detach the handſome and *amiable* Comte de Ferſan*, from her friend Lady C—p—r at Florence and to rivet him in her own fetters. This was a ſplendid victory; the Comte was an *univerſal* gallant. He had often breathed out his ſoul in amorous ecſtacy, within the arms of the *ci-devant* Queen of France, and was the diſtinguiſhed favourite PARAMOUR of the late Swediſh monarch. A conqueſt like this, was at once propitious to her vanity, and grateful to her Love.

There is a far greater latitude afforded on the Continent, eſpecially in Italy, to female levity, than is indulged in our cold inſulated country; for which reaſon, Lady El-z-b-th delights in Italian cuſtoms, more congenial with her *taſte*, while the climate is more favourable to her conſtitution, and as ſhe profeſſes to live for pleaſure, is it to be wondered at, that ſhe ſtrives to avoid all reſtraints upon it? But alas! feminine beauty is quickly periſhable; like the tender roſe, its vernal bloom cannot reſiſt the ſlighteſt touches of autumnal

* A *handſome* Swediſh Nobleman.

breezes,

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breezes, and thus her Ladyſhip begins already to experience the ravages of time,

" Parcius junctas quatiunt feneſtras:
" Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi *."

It is a melancholy truth, that as the reſources of enjoyment decreaſe, the deſires do not abate, and life generally becomes of higher value to us, when all its real delights are fled, —when the joys which were wont to crowd in upon us in the meridian of youth, refuſe their aid to the relief of age.

The female mind is of a far more delicate texture than ours, and therefore more ſenſible to theſe privations.—A conſciouſneſs of intrinſic worth, and a memory of departed joys, embitter the ſenſations ariſing from the loſs of admirers once languiſhing at the feet of beauty.

Our fair voluptuary however poſſeſſes acquired accompliſhments independent of all her natural charms. An excellent and improved taſte in muſic, painting, and all the fine arts, will prove an agreeable ſuccedaneum, when her charms ſhall be faded, and the incenſe of adulation, exhauſted.

* Horace.

Indeed,

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Indeed, amidſt all her foibles, it were unjuſt to deny this Lady a very ſuperior degree of comparative praiſe. Her pleaſing, graceful manners, form a ſtriking contraſt to thoſe which characterize the generality of Britiſh or Hibernian dames.

She is well aware of her ſuperiority, and conſequently feels infinite contempt for the vulgar affectation of our *fine ladies*. In her and her amiable friend, we perceive the beautiful ſimplicity of nature, embelliſhed by the judicious refinements of art.—In the other 'tis nature diſtorted, hideous and revolting; the more they attempt to adorn, the more they diſguiſe her, and the diſcriminating obſerver will often acknowledge more genuine good breeding in an ENGLISH COTTAGE, than in an *Engliſh Palace*.

Lady El-z-b-h F—t-r, amongſt thoſe many other advantages which ſhe enjoys, has the honour of being ſiſter to that brilliant ornament of diplomacy, ſo remarkably formed to *pleaſe* and to *be pleaſed* at an *Italian court*, and who has of late moſt ably and zealouſly executed the mild equitable orders of his Engliſh maſters, in bullying the grand Duke of T—c-ny and the G-v-m-t of Fl—r—e.

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The *well known reputation* of his family, muſt have reflected additional virtue on his *credentials*, and hence, we are to account for the extraordinary ſucceſs with which his honourable exertions were crowned. Had we always ſuch Ambaſſadors in foreign courts as his lordſhip, and the lately *dignified Chevalier* W—tw--th*, our national character would be *perfectly* repreſented. Mr. P-tt in theſe caſes, has the happieſt talents of *diſcrimination*; therefore it is not ſurprizing, that the two above mentioned gentlemen, ſhould have ſucceeded ſo eminently in their *reſpective undertakings*, at the courts where they are employed.

As to Lady El-z-b-th, little more remains to be ſaid; if there be a laxity in her *morals*, difficult to be defended, much may be urged in her behalf, from the habits of a libertine education; and ſhe is intitled to admiration for the variety of her talents, and to reſpect, for the conſtancy and warmth of her friendſhips.

* Vide London Gazette for an account of the *honours* lately conferred on the B—t—ſh E—v—y at the C—t of P—t—b—gh.

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D--CH--SS OF RUTLAND.

LA BRUYERE, than whom, no one ever developed the human character better, obſerves, "that man is more faithful to the ſecrets of others than to his own; whereas woman, on the contrary, is more faithful to her own, than to thoſe of others.

The obſervation is certainly founded in truth. Two very *daſhing* and *adonized* gallants*, who have long ſhone conſpicous in the regions of Britiſh *taſte* and faſhion, formerly ſuffered grievouſly from an imprudent faith in her Grace's confidence. Living as they were on terms of ſtricteſt intimacy with her huſband, and exiſting in a manner on his bounty, they diſregarded all the ſacred ties of gratitude, and made a villainous declaration, injurious to the chaſtity of the one and to the honour of the other; but the juſt re-

* Lord J—n T—ſh—d and C—les M—ſ—n.

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ward of this baſeneſs and preſumption was an immediate and proper diſcovery of their perfidy and ingratitude, whereby the duke's table no longer afforded to theſe minions a dinner, and thence, they were driven to the hoſpitable board of the late Mr. Brooks in St. James' ſtreet, whoſe confidence and liberality they repaid in a manner almoſt equally exemplary, by laughing at and turning into ridicule, the generous credulity of their honeſt unſuſpecting landlord.

The D--ch--ſs moſt undoubtedly treated theſe adventurous *chevaliers* as they deſerved; it muſt not, however, be inferred, that had her heart felt an intereſt in their confeſſion, ſhe would have diſcloſed the ſecret. Her Grace cannot be conſidered as a novice in the *virtue* of ſecrecy. But her ſoul was too pure, too replete with generous ſentiment, not to ſpurn indignant at the vile diſhonourable propoſition, offered to the wife of a man, under whoſe roof they were protected, and by whoſe hoſpitality they were almoſt daily fed. She acted accordingly with a ſpirit that redounds to her honour, and expoſed their ingratitude;

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nor is it any diſparagement to her character, if on other occaſions ſhe may have yielded to a native ſenſibility and tenderneſs, which are the moſt amiable characteriſtics of her ſex.

Early in life, when travelling with her venerable mother through the delicious provinces of Italy, *'ere the tree had ſhed its bloſſoms*, ſhe diſplayed unerring ſymtoms of a ſuſceptible heart, all alive to the delicate impreſſion of the ſofter paſſions; and there is no reaſon to imagine, that where there exiſted a neceſſity of ſecreſy, ſhe ever neglected to obſerve it. Far otherwiſe; there is every reaſon to believe her no leſs capable of ſecrecy in love, than of conſtancy in friendſhip, of which latter virtue no woman ever afforded more exemplary proofs than herſelf, by the ſervices that ſhe has rendered to her huſband's poor relations and dependents, ſince his death.

The Duke was a man no way formed for the ſympathies of a virtuous connexion. He delighted in gaming and in the exceſſes of the table, which was eternally infeſted by crowds of ſycophants of the meaneſt deſcription, of dependent connections, and of the coarſeſt, moſt illiterate buffoons; addicted alſo to the moſt unbounded

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unbounded licentiouſneſs in his amours*, which he indulged at random, without taſte or diſcretion, living in a ſtate of unremitted debauchery, reverſing the order of nature, turning night into day and day into night; he fell an early victim to thoſe ſcandalous orgies, which his conſtitution had not ſtrength to reſiſt; leaving behind him a mere negative character, neither reſpected nor deſpiſed, hated nor beloved.

It were vain to imagine that a woman modelled as it were by the graces, with a delicacy and cultivation of mind rarely to be found, could ſubmit without diſguſt to the *duties* of connubial life, with a companion ſo very different in his habits and diſpoſition, with feelings ſo little congenial to her own—that ſhe could be brought to endure the coarſe ribaldry and eternal clamour of ſuch *animals* as G—e S—tt—n, B--b T--r--t--n, and an unnum-

* The D—e of R—t—nd is ſaid to have imbibed a certain *poiſon* in an amour which he carried on with a beautiful and enchanting ſinger, which accelerated his death, and it has been alſo reported that the conſequences of this *poiſon* were propagated ſtill further.

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bered liſt of etceteras, would have been a taſk too ſevere for her patience or philoſophy, and hence ſome months previous to the Duke's death, ſhe had left Dublin, and was reſident in London when the news of that event reached her.

During the Dutcheſſes abode in Ireland, ſhe had been infinitely leſs reſerved in her behaviour; more diſſipated and unguarded in her general deportment, than at any former period ſince her marriage; and it muſt be admitted that ſhe introduced a ſyſtem of irregularity and expence amongſt the Iriſh that cannot be juſtified: nevertheleſs when it is recollected, not only how few charms ſhe found at home to render it agreeable, but how many real objections there were to render it intolerable, ſhe has every claim to candour and indulgence. The ſottiſh indifferent huſband, often converts a ſober faithful woman, into an extravagant inconſtant wife, and the Hibernians are not apt to be remiſs on ſimilar occaſions, in taking advantage of the weakneſs of a beautiful woman.

Amongſt the many candidates, by whom her Grace was beſieged, during the interval that ſhe did the female honors of the Caſtle of Dublin,

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Dublin, was a gentleman *, *popular* amongſt the *ladies*, probably on account of his robuſt, athletic appearance, for it would be difficult to explain their partiality in any other manner. He was moſt aſſiduous in his attentions, and perhaps the *reputation* he had acquired amongſt her ſex, was the ſecret motive for her *ſeeming* to repay thoſe attentions, ſince it is not rational to ſuppoſe that a woman of the moſt delicate refined taſte, could otherwiſe be overcome by the dull monotony, the inſipid common place converſation, and vulgar manners of a man like St. L—g—r. Be this however as it may, their particularities which they did not attempt to conceal afforded a topic for ſcandal in the *faſhionable* circles both of London and Dublin; and it was even aſſerted, that J-ck St. L-g-r was to marry the D-c-ſs. We cannot be induced to believe that ſhe ever entertained any ſerious thought of this nature, and her ſubſequent conduct evinces a total oblivion of that heroic and intrepid warrior, who now ſeems intirely to have abandoned the *Idalian plains* in order to gather *immortal* laurels, under his *immortal* commander, the D-ke

* Col. St. L—g—r.

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of Y--k in Flanders. May he *prove* no leſs ſucceſsful in the *plains of Mars*, than he has ſo often *proved* himſelf a conqueror in the *groves of Venus!*

Since the firſt year of her G--ces probationary widowhood, there appears to exiſt a very intereſting attachment between her and a nobleman* ſeveral years younger than herſelf; who like the generality of his contemporaries, delights more in the groveling occupations of the ſtable, than in the nobler purſuits of the man; who heir to an immenſe overgrown property, ſeems utterly ignorant of any honourable beneficial uſe, to which it ought to be applied, who is all morning driving his *gig* like a *madman*, through the ſtreets of London, to the annoyance of every pedeſtrian paſſenger, all the evening expoſing the affected grimaces of diſtorted faſhion at one or other of the theatres, and all night, ſunk in the orgies of a gaming or drunken debauch. Such is the life of thoſe who lead the *Ton*, and who ſerve as originals, whom it is the virtuous ambition of our Britiſh youth to imitate and admire.

* L—d P-g-t.

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Whether an experienced and diſcerning woman can be *really* captivated by ſuch *accompliſhments*, we ſhall not undertake to determine. An apparent attachment that from its duration, denotes ſomething more ſerious than a caſual flight of coquetry, or a paſſion dependent on mere *perſonal* regards, (for we muſt do juſtice to his lordſhip's *elegant perſon*,) would induce us to believe, that her grace had diſcovered ſecret perfections, inviſible to the eye of common obſervers. A woman ſo perfectly acquainted with the world, who has ſeen ſo many different countries, who paſſed ſome years in Ireland, that happy land, to whoſe ſons, nature has been ſo *prodigal*, and who has now reached the period of life, when judgment in theſe caſes, may be ſuppoſed to have attained its full maturity, cannot eaſily be miſtaken in her choice on that *point*, where female *happineſs* is ſo materially intereſted. Yet whatever predilection ſhe may feel for this *noble* gallant, it is only fair to acknowledge in her heart, the virtue of gratitude which ſhe ſtill occaſionally diſplays, in favour of a few ſelected favourite *Iriſh friends*.

After all, it is rational to conclude from

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paſt experience, that the above beautiful and accompliſhed perſon, is averſe from again embarking on a matrimonial voyage. Liberty in every ſtate of our exiſtence, under all the modifications which cuſtom has introduced amongſt us, retains her influence over the mind, and they who have once taſted her ſweets, or have ever been deprived of her poſſeſion, are equally enamoured of her charms and jealous of every innovation that threatens to contract her ſphere.

Unhappy therefore it is, that while we are ſo tenacious of this divine bleſſing, as far as reſpects ourſelves, we are in general ſo extremely indifferent, or indeed ſometimes ſo eager to invade it in the perſon of others, wherever intereſt, ambition, or malice are concerned.

The value of liberty is perfectly known to the fair ſubject of this chapter, and however ſhe may delight to indulge her vanity or caprice by encouraging a titled dangler in her ſuite, ſtill from what has been remarked, there is little probability that ſhe will ever reviſit the *temple of Hymen*.

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G—T—DE D—CH—SS OF B—F—D.

"The wrinkled G—t—de carries on her face,
"*Memento mori* to each public place."

ALAS! poor old Gertrude! thy career is well nigh ſpent; nor paint, nor patches, not all the coſmetics of the eaſt, nor all the illumination of a theatre can longer animate thoſe ~~emblems~~ *Features* whereon the gloomy ~~features~~ *Emblems* of approaching mortality are impreſſed. After all thy amorous gallantries, thy party intrigues, to this complexion art thou come at laſt. In thee, we behold an exact epitome of all worldly vanity. The earth yielded unto thee its treaſures, nature had been liberal, and fortune prodigal towards thee; yet, after all, what advantage doſt thou now derive from having been in full poſſeſſion of every ſublunary bleſſing? On the contrary does not the ſad reflection, comparing the preſent with the paſt, embitter thy actual ſituation? Happily for us, however, time deadens ſenſibility, ſo that old age may ſerve thee as a preventive againſt thoſe acute

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acute miſeries, thou muſt otherwiſe ſuffer. Accuſtomed to public life, ſtill thou ſeemeſt reluctant to quit the ſcene; night after night, preſenting thy emaciated, withered form at different places of amuſement, and expoſing thyſelf to the ſarcaſtic jeſts, and unfeeling ridicule of the titled coxcombs who ſurround thee. "To live all the days of thy life," ſeems to be thy motto; but what a life has thine been! Does one active virtue in this thy laſt ſcene preſent itſelf, to conſole or encourage thy ſpirits, for the barbarous miſapplication thou haſt made of the wealth and power thou haſt enjoyed? Dreadful is it, at ſuch a period, to have recourſe to operas, plays, and aſſemblies, for comforts which ſhould flow from a purer ſource. Remembrance of what thou haſt been, is a poor miſerable ſubſtitute for what thou art. Age when thus diſfigured, loſes all claim to that reſpect, which otherwiſe it would command, and ſatire is juſtly and honourably employed, when it holds forth its deformity, as an example of pity and contempt to the world. As it is on the moſt perfect models of virtue that a well diſpoſed perſon would wiſh to form himſelf,

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ſo by painting vice in its hideous colours, we preſent the examples which ought to be ſhunned; nor can there be a more inſtructive leſſon againſt the melancholy diſguſting follies and vices of old age, than is afforded by the character now under review.

Her Grace's maternal feelings at an earlier period of her life have been ably deſcribed by the celebrated Junius, and the violence of her tender paſſions in the more advanced ſtage of it, was not long ſince moſt pointedly illuſtrated in the *delicate* propoſal made by her to a certain *gigantic* nobleman*, whoſe *ſecret* perfections have been long the theme of female enthuſiaſm. His *fame* had reached the ears of Gertrude, who could not reſiſt the temptation, and a *carte blanche* was offered to the much envied and courted lord; but Oh! ungrateful man! the *matron's* ſuit was rejected, and at the age of ſeventy, ſhe was left to pine under all the anguiſh of diſappointed love. Well might ſhe exclaim in the words of the furious diſtracted Dido:

* E—l C—m—dley.

—Nec

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—Nec lumina flexit,
Nec lachrymas victus dedit, aut miseratus Amantem est.
VIRG.

This tale created a fund of ridicule at the expence of the *love-sick* D——ſs, and in truth we muſt allow that the ridicule was well applied, for it is difficult to conceive a more ludicrous being in nature, than an old woman in love. But the *tender* Gertrude, however anxious to appear a principal character in the preſent ſcene, in dreſs and manners, ſtill betrays a partiality for paſt times, and ſuch preference is extremely natural. The memory of youth is affecting to old perſons; they love the ſpot where their early years were paſſed, and the ſociety of their firſt acquaintance. They are apt to retain expreſſions no longer in uſe; they continue to applaud the old taſte in muſic, dancing, and the ancient mode in dreſs, furniture, and equipage. They cannot find in their hearts to diſapprove thoſe things which fed their paſſions, and which revive remembrance of them. How can they prefer new faſhions and modern manners, in which they have had no part, and whence they have little to hope; faſhions that young people have adopted,

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and which in their turn, they themſelves are forced to employ as a remedy againſt the miſeries of old age? nor is it ſurpriſing that perſons advanced in life are fond of ſociety; deſtitute of thoſe ideas and paſſions which occupy the mind of youth, they find no advantages in ſolitude; their thoughts are for the moſt part ſolely employed in multiplying their reſources, as a remedy againſt the many evils inſeparable from the laſt ſtage oflife. Thus our *antique dame* refines on all things, in her diet, her time of reſt, her hours of exerciſe; and the general rules which ſhe has laid down, are obſerved with the moſt ſcrupulous punctuality. By theſe means, ſhe increaſes and ſtrengthens the bonds that attach her to exiſtence, and renders the approach of death ſtill more inſupportable.

Perhaps no perſon ever diſcovered more zeal to protract life than the ſubject of this article. The partiality ſhe manifeſts for a blooming buxom young laſs*, her conſtant attendant, and who has already ſhone with a degree of eclat in the *polite* world, is ſaid to have

* Miſs G—n—ng.

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its origin in the above principle, and that the latter is condemned to ſleep in the apartment, if not in the bed of the former, under a ſuppoſition that the breath of a freſh, healthy woman vivifies and invigorates the decaying principles of nature. It is doubtful to us how far the practice is founded in truth, but it has frequently been tryed both in France and England. Field Marſhal Ligonier, who died in his ninetieth year, was conſtantly every night attended by a young female virgin ſacrifice; the old Marchal de Richelieu, who died a few years ago in Paris, at the age of ninety-three, likewiſe invariably adhered to this *pleaſant* remedy; and theſe inſtances of longevity in ſuch remarkable perſons, ſo notorious for their debaucheries, may probably have encouraged that ſanction, which the practice, we are told, now receives from the *venerable* G—t—de.

It appears in general that age is more diſguſting in woman than in man. A celebrated French writer obſerves, "that he ſhould deſire to be a woman, (underſtood a beautiful woman), till twenty-two, and afterwards to become a man, in order that he might avoid

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the reverſe to which the other ſex is inevitably expoſed, when the charms of beauty are fled, and their place ſupplyed by the wrinkles of deformity."

Let us however be candid where we can, nor refuſe to Gertrude the juſtice ſhe deſerves. From her, the indigent prodigal *ſometimes* finds relief, and her houſe is a kind receptacle *to cavaliers* and *noble* damſels in diſtreſs; but here, a reflection obtrudes itſelf. We know not which is moſt to be pitied, the old woman who *feels* the want of a young beautiful *cavalier*, or the *unfortunate cavalier*, who by the *hardeſt ſervices* only, can obtain from her the recompence he needs.

L—DY

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L—DY L—DE.

WHO could have conceived that L-t D—by of L-kn-rs lane in the pariſh of St. G-les, would have been ever elevated to her preſent *dignity*;—to be a *lady*, the wife of a *baronight*, or that ſhe would have been thought worthy of an introduction amongſt the illuſtrious heroines of the Jockey Club? Such however, are the caprices of fortune, although it muſt be admitted that *my lady* does not diſhonour her rank; for ſhe inherits all the *virtues and accompliſhments* peculiar to nobility.—A ſovereign diſdain for former *vulgar* aſſociates;—a converſation almoſt equally chaſte with her perſon; and ſince ſhe has been a companion to *Princes* and *Princeſſes*, and admitted a member of the *royal hunt**, her manners are become ſtill more *chaſte* and *refined*.

To ride well up to hounds; to be in at the

* Her Ladyſhip hunts regularly with the Windſor Hounds.

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death, none is ever before her, and in the *noble* art of driving a Pheaton four in hand, and a perfect knowledge in all the technical phraſes of *coachmanſhip*, and for the elegance ſhe diſplays in flouriſhing her whip on all occaſions with grace and dexterity, ſhe is not excelled by Sir John himſelf.

"More than one ſteed, Lætitias Empire feels,
"Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying wheels,
"And as ſhe guides them thro' th' admiring throng,
"With what an air ſhe ſmacks the ſilken thong!
"Graceful as John, ſhe moderates the reins,
"And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains.
"Seſoſtris like, ſuch charioteers as theſe,
"May drive ſix harneſſed ~~Monarchs~~ *Princes* if they pleaſe."

Nor ought her innumerable excellencies to create ſurprize, when we call to mind the poliſhed and liberal education ſhe received;—that ſhe was brought up under the *ſpecial care of* the late famous but unfortunate Mr J—n R—nn* the no leſs famous but hitherto leſs

* Mr J—n R—nn met with a fatal accident ſome years ago at a place near Tyburn turnpike, which put a period to his life.

unfortunate

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unfortunate B—lly D—v—s,—aſſiſted by her preſent huſband, and a ſtill more diſtinguiſhed perſonage of high deſcent, whoſe brilliant victories over the French in Flanders, our loyal *independent* prints, the True Briton and the Times ſo *truly* and *wiſely* proclaim.

Such were her original maſters, and with thoſe apt abilities which ſhe poſſeſſes, how could ſhe fail to profit from their inſtructions? We now therefore behold her in *her own box* at the Opera, ſplendidly arrayed, her whole ambition gratified in viewing lords, and dukes, and princes at her ſide, paying that homage which ſuperior virtue and attractive manners generally exact. We are told there can exiſt no true love without jealouſy; unhappy that it ſhould be ſo, while jealouſy ever proves the bane of happineſs.—The *baronight* however finds ſome conſolation, for the pangs which he endures from this reſtleſs tormenting paſſion, in beholding himſelf, ſo contrary to his original expectations, in the midſt of ſuch ſuperlatively polite and grand company; and at the Windſor Hunt of which no member is more conſtant in his attendance, ſtill further to conſole him, to none does majeſty appear

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appear ſo gracious and attentive as to himſelf. Juſt and honourable diſtinction, may merit thus ever find its due reward!

Her L—d—p has uniformly diſtinguiſhed herſelf by a ſtrict obſervance of all the cyprian rites.—Never did ſhe turn her back againſt the moſt vigorous aſſailant; on the contrary, many of them has ſhe often reduced to flight, never forgetting the character of her ſex.

"Women you know but ſeldom fail,
"To make the ſtouteſt men turn tail,
"And bravely ſcorn to turn their backs
"Upon the deſpérateſt attacks *."

Of a ſanguine temperament and healthful conſtitution, ſhe can withſtand the fierceſt aſſaults, and renew the charge with renovated ardour, even when her victim ſinks drooping and creſtfallen before her. To raiſe up thoſe that fall, is a generous noble effort, and none could ever boaſt this virtue with ſtricter propriety than herſelf. Indefatigable in her exertions on theſe occaſions, what miracles has

* Hudibras.

ſhe

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ſhe not atchieved! If it were poſſible to collect an exact liſt of all whom her reſtoring faculties have revived, the human mind would be loſt in admiration and gratitude, but the public have reaſon to lament the modeſty which conceals it.

Born in a lowly and obſcure ſtation, and too long kept back in a ſtate of plebeian inſignificance, ſhe all at once ſhone forth upon us, like the ſun piercing through a cloud; ſo that the ſtrongeſt eye is dazzled by the blaze. Her former haunts are totally forſaken, her former companions no longer remembered; ſhe now blazes a comet in the bright regions of taſte and faſhion. But no felicity in this world is without alloy. Some few faſtidious females there are, who ſtill adhering to their fooliſh prejudices, refuſe to acknowledge the reſplendent attractions of this fair paragon; nay, who even perſiſt to exclude her from their circles, although her perfections are ſanctioned by all the advantages of royal favour and protection. Hence, her pride is occaſionally mortified, and ſhe is rather too apt in the moments of her indignation, to recur to her old phraſes, and ſo difficult is it to conquer

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quer habit, to uſe expreſſions more calculated for the meridian of *Broad* St. Giles, then for that of the *polite courtly* St. J-mes. Let her however perſevere; under ſuch patronage as ſhe enjoys, her efforts muſt finally be crowned with ſucceſs.—A little more uniform attention to what the French formerly called the *bienſeances* of ſociety, and rather leſs freedom indulged in her convivial hours, may ſerve effectually to accompliſh the purpoſe ſhe appears to have ſo much at heart—"A *general* admiſſion into all the elevated circles." We have had no reluctance in giving her Ladyſhip a leading place amongſt our Female Jockies, well convinced that ſhe deſerves it, although her *title* would be of itſelf a ſufficient paſſport to the diſtinction. Beſides, ſhe is now *nobly* connected, being aunt to the young, beautiful widow, the C—nt-ſs of B—r—m—e, whereby ſhe is allied to ſome of the moſt antient patrician families in Great Britain and Ireland. May theſe virtuous rational diſtinctions laſt for ever, and may her Ladyſhip never know the barbarous mortification, of being deprived of her *title*;—A Gothic innovation that has ſo fatally taken

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place in France; but to uſe the memorable expreſſion of the Spaniſh Admiral to the *humane* and gallant Lord Hood, we ſhall conclude with a *pious* wiſh, that *my Lady* and her *title* may live theſe thouſand years.

H D—C—ss

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D—CH—SS OF G—D—N.

" The Dutcheſs triumphs in a manly mien;
" Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſc-ne,
" In fair and open dealing where's the ſhame?
" What nature dares to give, ſhe dares to name."

THIS búxom Caledonian dame reminds us very much of the Bacchants deſcribed by the ancients, nor do her manners in any reſpect belye what her appearance announces. A contempt for all the ſettled rules of etiquette; convivial freedom, and an unreſtrained indulgence of her own genuine feelings, are the ground-work, on which our D--ch--ſs juſtly builds her fame.

With an open ruddy countenance, quick in repartee, and no one excelling her in performing the *honours* of the table, her ſociety is generally courted.

Approved by P—tt, idolized by D--d--ſs, ſhe is emulous to vie with thoſe renowned votaries of Bacchus in their conſtant ſacrifices to that divinity. Not eaſily vanquiſhed, whether

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ther engaged in the myſterious rites of Venus, or in the orgies of the *Silenian* god; ſhe has been known to *thaw the froſt* of P--tt, and to bring down low that more *ſeaſoned* and redoubted champion, D--d--ſs himſelf. Still however, they return to their *duty*, and her palace in St. J--mes' Square, is the ſplendid receptacle of all the miniſterial revellers. There, they celebrated the *glorious* capture, and afterwards, the no leſs *glorious evacuation* of Toulon, *(burgundy, the order of the night)*; there, they planned the embryo ſucceſſes of the *gallant* Moira; and *there*, with equal wiſdom, they continue to anticipate the *ſpeedy* conqueſt of France.

For this voluptuous aſylum, where mirth is ſo judiciouſly blended with buſineſs, they are originally indebted to the influence of her dear friend and countryman *honeſt* Harry*. He manages her Grace's *affairs* in town, while ſhe in return, during her occaſional excurſions, undertakes the conduct of his affairs in Scotland; and by her diligence and zeal,

* Mr. D—d—ſs.

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ſhews herſelf ready to take his *affairs* in hand any where elſe.

Harry, although rather advanced in years, owing to an eaſy mind hard to be affected, ſtill preſerves a robuſt and apparently vigorous conſtitution; nor amidſt the *numerous* and critical embarraſſments of his *political* ſituation, does he ſeem to relax from his *natural* duties as a man. He has lately entered into the *perilous* ſtate of matrimony, (*perilous* certainly to moſt men at his time of life), with a full blown northern damſel of Patrician birth; but the bonds of Hymen do not appear to have diminiſhed the force of his former connections, and her Grace ſtill holds all her wonted influence over him. She has a right to do ſo. Her coſtly and jovial fêtes, enlivened by her own perſonal and feſtive accompliſhments, have a paramount claim over every other engagement, nor is the *polite* world ill natured enough to expect very painful ſacrifices, as a reſult of matrimonial contracts.

Nothing can be more prudently or more wiſely arranged than the harmonious ſyſtem which prevails between the D—ch—ſs and her lord. Man and wife, ſuppoſing them of the

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the true genuine ariſtocratic deſcription, generally agree much better when living aſunder; thereby avoiding thoſe reſtraints, to which both muſt in a certain degree be ſubject, if dwelling under the ſame roof. In the latter caſe, the connection becomes monotonous and inſupportable; ſo that exceſſes are reſorted to, which often terminate in total ſeparation, and ſometimes, (oh, dreadful!) in the ſcandal and *horrors* of a divorce.

His Grace therefore diſcretely paſſes the greateſt part of his days in Scotland, while the D—c—ſs is almoſt a conſtant reſident amongſt us, unleſs when employed on the ſecretary's buſineſs in North Britain.

The bleak regions of the north are ill ſuited to certain temperaments, yet even there, *ladies* may find it expedient to ſeek out hours of tender dalliance with an admired object. A rural life in the coldeſt climates will generate warmth in the female boſom, and if *opportunity* offer, it is rather unfortunate, if it be not ſucceeded by enjoyment. Innocent ſtratagems are ſometimes employed to encourage the diffidence, and ſtimulate the deſires of timid unconſcious youth. We have heard it related how

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how a certain experienced matron of high rank and of Scottiſh extraction, amidſt the intereſting ſolitude of an evening promenade, in the thickeſt receſſes of a ſequeſtered grove, in gentle tête à tête, once deigned *obliquely* to court the amorous favours of a young military novice on a viſit at the *Chateau*. Burning to accompliſh her object, ſhe tenderly aſked him if he knew how to ſpell the word *op-por-tu-ni-ty*, when alas! the *ſtupid Cymon* not only neglected the *opportunity*, but to diſplay his innocence, or rather his ignorance in ſtronger colours, related at ſupper in the evening, his ſimple ſtory, which ſerved only to excite mirth in the company, and no ways diſconcerted the lady whoſe *bronze* diſdained to change its colour. In the above inſtance, we are bound to admire the *tender* ingenuity, and *unſhaken firmneſs* of the noble dame, at the ſame time that we are amazed at the extreme ſimplicity and want of confidence in the *C-pt-n*, ſo rarely to be found in *heroes* of his profeſſion.

It is this happy indifference which ſubſiſts amongſt the great, that enables them to diſregard ſuch *trivial* circumſtances, as would

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produce ſchiſms and probably a moſt ſerious rupture amongſt perſons leſs highly improved and poliſhed by NOBLE education. Nevertheleſs, it is ſtrange that while the world in general are ſo apt to imitate, however awkwardly, the manners of their *betters* on other occaſions, they ſhould not altogether have adopted their faſhion in this. *Mr. John Bull and his lady*, who move in a lowly ſphere, ſtill continue to paſs through life with each other, if not in peace, at leaſt reſigned to their fate, of which by the bye they eternally complain, though not daring to indulge a thought of parting; and although ſeldom ſeen in mutual good humour, a cloud of unſocial gloom being for the moſt part caſt over both, yet *Mrs. Bull* is ſtill tenacious of the *honor* of her maſter, and nobly rejects every attempt that would ſerve to plant horns upon his *honourable* brow; it certainly however would very much increaſe their reciprocal comforts and heighten their enjoyments, if as long as they conſent to inhabit the ſame roof, and are involved in one common intereſt, they would condeſcend to indulge ſome portion of contentment and good humour.

In this particular, it were impoſſible to hold

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hold forth a worthier example of imitation, than this good natured D-ch-ſs, who is a moſt *popular* character; and her *popularity* is further increaſed by her well founded and zealous attachment to our preſent wiſe, *honeſt*, prudent, and *victorious* adminiſtration, to whom England is indebted for its actual ſecurity and happineſs. Her influence is conſequently great, of which, the reader may be at once ſatisfied, by conſulting our *livre rouge*, alias the Court Calendar, that *brief and expreſſive abſtract of our national Oeconomy*; a *virtuous* teſtimonial, which ſhould ſilence all the factious clamours of thoſe enemies to their country, who are inceſſantly bawling for liberty, and inculcating the neceſſity of reform. Her Grace's huſband, is, colonel of the G-d-n fencibles, and Chancellor of King's College, Aberdeen; her brother, Deputy Ranger of the Parks, and Lord High Admiral in Scotland; her uncle L—d A—m G—d-n, Commander in Chief in that Country, and her ſon, not yet twenty-three years of age, has a company in the guards; of her daughters, one married to an Engliſh duke; another to the heir of an Engliſh dukedom

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dom; and a third to Sir J—n S—c—r, who, through her intereſt, has been appointed preſident of Mr P-tt's newly erected board of Agriculture.—In ſhort, all her connections have been long *honourably* and ſplendidly provided for, except the ill-fated Lord G—ge*, who lately died in Newgate.—For the ſake of humanity, let a veil be drawn over that barbarous cataſtrophe!

* The diſtinction was *juſt*; Lord G—ge being a rude *hot headed democrate*, who unaccountably, we may indeed ſay, *miraculouſly* exclaimed againſt the privileges of his order. He was ſimple, unaffected in his manners; zealous, unſhaken in his principles.

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L-DY B-TH, CIDEVANT MISS P—T-N-Y.

THERE have been dull moraliſts to tell us, that the true advantage of money conſiſts in the power which it yields of making others happy. If theſe moraliſts are right, it is unfortunate that the practice differs ſo eſſentially from the theory. To judge from what we ſee, the only viſible effect that wealth produces, is an increaſe of avarice, rendering the poſſeſſor ſtill more anxious to increaſe his hoards. Thus, from the ſplendor and pageantry which riches enable man to diſplay, we are led to admire and uphold a ſyſtem which if we credit appearances, evidently tends to ſwell the pride and pamper the luxuries of individuals, at the expence of the multitude;—to monopolize and concenter within the compaſs of one miſerable boſom, treaſures that impartially diſtributed, would be all ſufficient, not only to ſupport the exiſtence, but to yield comfort and happineſs to

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thouſands, and to baniſh want from the face of the earth.

Behold a perſon wallowing in opulence: Is he more generous, more humane, more compaſſionate or tender in regard to the ſufferings of his fellow creature, than another, who poſſeſſes only the neceſſaries of mediocrity? Does it appear in thoſe quarters, where palaces rear their proud lofty towers, where monopoly reſides, that poverty is leſs hideous, than its victims are leſs numerous? Do Windſor or Blenheim, Wooburn or Bloomſbury, afford an example of ſuperior plenty or comfort in their vicinity? Is it not apparent that wherever we behold ſimilar magnificence, wretchedneſs is always attendant at their gates, as about thoſe places where mediocrity reſides, indigence is leſs diſcernible? One palace abſorbs wherewithall to ſupply the wants of ten thouſand Cottages.

Such are the arguments of factious aſpiring democracy. Hear the other ſide of the queſtion. Would you equalize conditions? Would you reduce us to the inhuman neceſſity of working for ourſelves, of providing for our own wants! Would you raiſe the la-

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bourer to a level with his lord? Would you ſtrike at once at our *property*; and dare to eſtabliſh reform by ſuch deſperate innovations? *Property* confirmed and ſanctified to us by the moſt rational and ſacred of all laws—the law of promigeniture. The law of inheritance, with which, virtue talents, or ſervice can have no concern whatever? Would you adopt the unnatural idea that no perſon can be more deſerving of the fruits of the land, than he whoſe labour ſows and reaps them? Would you utterly aboliſh the feudal ſyſtem, level and confound thoſe *unequal* conditions, which have ſtood the teſt of ages, and ſo long preſerved ſocial order, harmony, and peace in the world? It does not then depend on individual opinion, ſubject to ten thouſand modifications, in which reaſon and philoſophy have no ſhare, to decide on this queſtion between democracy and ariſtocracy: let it then be determined before the tribunal of truth.

The world abounds with ſcenes of wretchedneſs, and Nature or the Creator of it, call it what you will, never could have deſigned that diſtinctions ſhould exiſt amongſt us of a tendency ſo fatal, as to leave a great portion of his

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his creatures without the neceſſaries of life. The fault, without blaſphemy, cannot be ſuppoſed inherent in the original ſource of all good? Wherein then can it originate but in the vices of ſociety, which generate theſe partial murderous diſtinctions? Can fortune be ſaid to produce charity or any of the milder virtues? On the contrary, does it not for the moſt part, even to a proverbial certainty, increaſe avarice, harden and contract the mind?

"Creſcit amor nummi, quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit."

Human nature in its rude primitive ſtate, never could know thoſe horrors that we are now daily condemned to behold in the midſt of polite luxurious cities, and through the whole extent of what our governors tell us, are the moſt flouriſhing countries. Men, ſince their formation into ſocial claſſes, have certainly loſt ſight of the grand object—the general good; and by a lapſe into all kind of exceſſes, and an entire deviation from the original law, have brought on a criſis which can terminate only in univerſal confuſion or in the happieſt regeneration. All temptation to crime which generally

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generally leads to a violent ignominious and painful death, have their origin in theſe fatal diſtinctions. Example corrupts, and corruption in no ſphere of life, reſiſts ſeduction. It reigns triumphant in the palaces of princes; how unjuſt then it is to act, as if we ſuppoſed it had no influence among thoſe who have not rags to defend their bodies, from the cold, or a hovel where to thruſt their wretched heads!

In theſe days of alarm and jealouſy, ſuch doctrines we know are dangerous. Stateſmen affect to be wiſer than nature or the Creator himſelf, whoſe bounty we muſt acknowledge to have provided *good things* enough for us all, and who intended that *all* his creatures ſhould enjoy their ſhare, and not languiſh in that deplorable ſtate, in which many of them are eternally beheld, periſhing for want at the rich man's inhoſpitable gate. *Truth, however, ought not to be too bold*; he who promulgates theſe doctrines, expoſes himſelf to all the rigorous penalties of *conſtructive ſedition*; lawyers give their own tranſlation of the word, and by forced application * and ridiculous inuendos, eſtabliſh

* In a periodical publication now much in vogue, in one

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eſtabliſh the *guilt*, and tranſport the INNOCENT CONVICT to Botany Bay.

Do the laws of England really authorize theſe penalties? *Are ſuch the merciful laws of Engliſh Liberty?* Is our boaſted conſtitution ſo delicately woven, as to reject the leaſt inveſtigation on one ſide, while it may ſuffer every abuſe and encroachment from another? Is it juſt or lawful that men profeſſing peaceable and patriotic principles, who quietly aſſociate for the purpoſe of diſcuſſing them, ſhould either be violently diſperſed by police officers, or ſeized, impriſoned, and poſſibly tranſported, for exerciſing thoſe powers, which they were educated to believe inherent in the conſtitution, under which they lived? Nature, and juſtice her brighteſt emanation, undoubtdly proſcribe all ſimilar uſurpations on the rights and liberties of her choiceſt moſt favoured production; but man has inceſſantly

one of the numbers, there is a ſtory related of a game cock, and this cock is repreſented as a great tyrant amongſt the feathered race. By a ſtrange perverſion of ideas, this *game cock* is ſaid to have ſignified our moſt *gracious ſ—r—n*, and the publiſher is now under proſecution for this *libel*.

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laboured to fruſtrate nature's kind intentions, and political inſtitutions have at length reached ſuch a climax of degeneracy, as to promiſe a ſpeedy and radical reform of their own corruptions. Subtilize as they will, crafty venal politicians muſt finally ſubmit to the ſovereign laws of truth. It is hard we confeſs, according to the preſent conſtitution of ſociety, to read a recantation, and to offer a *voluntary* ſacrifice of thoſe dear partial gifts, on which *privileged* mortals have ſo long built their happineſs, nor can it be ſuppoſed that theſe *priviliged* proprietors, (the ſuppoſition is proved by the fact,) will ever *voluntarily* ſurrender the *excluſive* enjoyments which they hold, or indeed any part of them for the beneficial purpoſes of public relief. *Liberty and Equality* are tremendous ſounds in the ear of a courtier, but the philoſopher the philanthropiſt bow down with reverence to their powers.

God, (religion is the order of the day,) abhors all ſuch impious diſtinctions as have been mentioned—His words are peace, charity, and brotherly love. The God of *Chriſtians*, Jeſus of Nazareth, preached theſe doctrines. Do chriſtian princes practiſe them? How are

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his holy laws profaned? Are we not in everlaſting warfare? Chriſtian nations drowned in human blood.

Againſt the proud manſions of the rich, impregnable walls are erected for excluſion of the poor.

"Miſeri; nolite me tangere."

"Wretches, keep your diſtance."

Such is the motto of B-th H—ſe. Poverty never found a refuge there.

We have prefaced this chapter with ſome remarks on the abuſe of riches, as certainly not inapplicable to the fair ſubject of it, who inherits all the *frugal* virtues of her *prudent diſcreet papa*. Educated agreeably with the ancient regimen, ſhe betrayed early ſymptoms of averſion againſt a monaſtic life, anxious to break through the bars of a convent, and to free herſelf from all political reſtraints, to follow the laws of nature and of freedom. Happy, had ſhe ſtill adhered more cloſely to thoſe laws, but a ſordid avaricious example eternally before her eyes, ſhe ſeems to have contracted the ſame vile habits, and to

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indulge ſcarcely any other hope, than that of increaſing her immenſe property a mere caput mortuum in her hands.

As fortune is the ſole recommendation to preferment in B—tt—n, our moſt gracious ſovereign acting in uniform conſiſtency, and with the reſpect to that *virtue* in others, which he ſo ardently and devoutly cheriſhes in himſelf, has ennobled the fortune of this lady by the dignity of an ancient title. Thus, are honors beſtowed. Riches and influence are the ſole paſſport to the favors of a court. It would be derogatory from the ſyſtem, to reward liberality of ſentiment, or extenſiveneſs of learning and knowledge *. It is difficult for young perſons, unleſs fortified by ſuperior natural endowments, to avoid the contagion of evil example for ever before their eyes;—and where could we find an example more ſelfiſh and unproductive of good, than that which ſhe has had eternally before her? An old

* Mr. Gibbon the immortal author of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire is dead in neglect and obſcurity—no royal honours granted to ~~perfect~~ *protect* his name from oblivion, yet perhaps his name may flouriſh when kings ſhall be only remembered by their crimes.

idolater

idolater of caſh, brooding over his hoards, calculating his accounts, and ſpeculating on ſchemes in ſtock jobbing, building, banking, &c. whereby he is to accumulate additional riches.—No project of humanity ever entered his boſom; no enlarged views of philanthropy, whereby ſociety was to be improved in morals, or meliorated in condition; all his views concentrated within one vile point—ſelf.—To buy up boroughs, to purchaſe eſtates, to make advantageous bargains in every branch of pecuniary commerce, founding all happineſs on this wretched principle: yet after all, it will prove labour in vain; his *pelf* cannot accompany him to that bourn, for which he muſt ſoon depart, and it will then prove a miſerable, very inadequate conſolation for the unavoidable infirmities and diſeaſes of old age, and if his conſcience be not abſolutely ſeared againſt remorſe, it muſt be tortured at his laſt moments, in reflecting on the flagrant barbarous miſuſe which he had made of his illgotten overflowing treaſures.

Goldſmith, and a few other writers, have been advocates for this ſordid abominable vice, but their defence of it conſiſts more in ingenuity,

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than ſolidity. Avarice is not to be forgiven. It is a robery from the general ſtock, feeds the meaneſt paſſions of the ſoul, and deadens it againſt every impreſſion of tenderneſs, juſtice, and compaſſion.

Let her Ladyſhip then no longer purſue the footſteps of her father. Covetouſneſs may not yet have ſtruck ſuch deep root in her breaſt, but it may be extirpated by reflection. Let her apply thoſe bleſſings which ſhe actually enjoys, to the benefit and comfort of afflicted mortals.—Let her ſeek out objects that call for relief. Let her houſe be a general aſylum for merit; Let her viſit the bed of ſickneſs; expel miſery and want from its pillow. Let her open the priſon gate, and ſet the captive free;—then ſhe will pluck a wreath from the brow of royalty, and have to boaſt a virtue, that kings know not how to practiſe. Let not fortune be barren, nor wither in her hands. Let her immenſe wealth, be circulated widely, and flouriſh prolific through the land;—and ſurrounded by mercenary, inſipid, titled coxcombs, as ſhe muſt neceſſarily be, anxious to repair their delapidated, or increaſe their overgrown eſtates,

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may ſhe ſcorn them all, or if inclined to change her *virgin* ſtate, may ſhe ſelect for her companion, independently of all other conſiderations, one diſtinguiſhed only for his talents, his patriotiſm, and his virtues; and perhaps in ſo doing, ſhe may hereafter find, that ſhe conſulted the beſt means of her own ſecurity.

The policy of her Ladyſhip's *papa*, always bent on what he deems the *main chance*, was fixed on our cold-blooded miniſter, whoſe wiſe prudent councils, executed by the moſt merciful and religious prince in Europe, have ſecured the peace, freedom, and general happineſs of Britons on ſo broad a baſis; but the inſuperable averſion ſhe felt with the generality of her ſex for ſuch a ſuitor, diſdained the injunctions of parental authority; and a future day may probably unfold this truth, that in the preſent inſtance, judgment approved her refuſal. Let her always thus continue to be guided by her own choice; not miſerably ſacrifice affection either to wealth or power.

"Can wealth give happineſs, look round and ſee,
"What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
"Whatever fortune laviſhly can pour,
"The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
"To ſome freſh birth of fancy more inclined,
"Then wed not acres, but a noble mind."

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LADY W—N.

THE garden of Ariſtocracy is ſo full of rich, beautiful, and choice flowers, that it is difficult to fix upon any one of a decided ſuperiority; yet in the preſent inſtance we have endeavoured to cull a roſe of the brighteſt hue and moſt expanſive fragrance. In a word, and to drop the metaphor, Lady W—n is poſſeſſed of every perſonal *charm* and mental *accompliſhment* that can adorn her ſex. *Polite, affable, inſinuating, and ſprightly*, endowed with an extraordinary facility of ſpeaking, and acting with equal eaſe and dignity. It is true, alas! her beauty now has rather paſſed its meridian, but even in her decline, like the ſetting ſun, ſhe ſcatters a ſoft and conſolatory radiance.

In the early part of life, ſhe had the penetration and good fortune to diſcover the unrivalled merits of the *amiable* Sir G—ge, who, then an officer in his moſt ſacred Majeſty's foot guards, had been honoured with a ſhining ſtar and blushing ribband, as a proper reward for

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for the ſpirit and conduct he had diſplayed in the active and ſevere duty of St. James' Park. To him therefore ſhe yielded her fair hand, and Venus long ſmiled propitious on theſe diſtinguiſhed votaries of Hymen.

In the progreſs of time however, the ardour of their affections broke out in *little* jealouſies which required the lenient interpoſition of a court of law to tranquilize and ſubdue them. It appeared that her Ladyſhip, in the confidence of female friendſhip, had intimated to her daughter-in-law Lady B—lkely, her uneaſineſs and anxiety on the very alarming *falling off* which ſhe experienced in Sir G—ge who had become altogether remiſs in the performance of matrimonial duty. This complaint by the officious aſſiduity of ſome *good natured friend*, was related to the knight of the *bluſhing ribband*, who, juſtly indignant that his manhood ſhould be called in queſtion, was determined immediately to vindicate *his injured honour* on this material point. He therefore reſolved to embrace the firſt opportunity that offered, to prove the falſhood of the accuſation, and to *convince* her Ladyſhip of the error under which ſhe laboured. In conſequence

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conſequence of this reſolution, one morning AT BREAKFAST, he mentioned to her the calumniating report which he had heard, and ſeizing her unawares with all the vehemence of inflamed and indignant paſſion, brought the *whole affair* directly *on the carpet*, and atchieved a complete victory over all her doubts and apprehenſions. Nevertheleſs, by the violent means which he had employed, *my Lady* thought proper to ſwear a *rape* againſt her *lord and maſter*, but the court unwilling to *widen a breach*, which ſeemed to have been occaſioned by two much *ardour* on both ſides, quaſhed the matter, and reconciled the parties.

The above anecdote afforded at the time an inexhauſtible fund of converſation to all the faſhionable circles, and an infinity of remarks were made on the occaſion. Some pretended, agreeably with the opinion of Voltaire, that the cauſe of the complaint might originate with the lady, who not being altogether of the mildeſt or moſt accomodating temper, it was poſſiblethrough a want of the *neceſſary complaiſance* might (previous to the affair we have mentioned, when all his paſſions appear to have been *inflamed* to the utmoſt pitch) have checked

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checked his ardour, and put nature to the route. In this case, it has been long and well decided, that *the Lady* is alone to blame, for she can have no right to accuse her husband of a *defect*, of which she is herself the cause. Under such circumstances, Voltaire further observes, the husband might say to her with propriety, "if you love me, it is your duty to evince that love, by the *tenderest* and most *endearing caresses*, in order that my race may be perpetuated; and if you love me not, why did you marry me*." Be it however as it may, after the *violent attack* which we have related, the reconciled pair appeared again in public, tranquil and happy; and in a short time, accompanied by all the *Loves and Graces*, sought the blissful shores of Italy, where they exhibited to the *astonished* signoras of that voluptuous climate, a most striking example of the superior refinement of *British manners*, and of connubial felicity. The great Gustavus, late king of Sweden, who was then *also* on his travels, met this *amiable pair* at Rome, where his Majesty, it is said, was wounded by an

* Vide Questions sur l'Encyclopedie article, *Impuissance*.

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arrow ſhot from her *piercing* eyes, although the wound did not turn out ſo fatal as the ſubſequent *piſtol ſhot* from the bold unerring hand of ANKERSTROM. In this inſtance, Sir G—ge did not betray any ſymptoms of jealouſy, for the royal paſſion was no leſs platonic than the paſſion of Petrarch was for the divine Laura. On the contrary, he felt an encreaſed value for his *charming* conſort, who had been thus diſtinguiſhed by the notice of the LORD'S ANOINTED.

Soon after *my Lady* had achieved this memorable triumph, domeſtic affairs recalled the fortunate couple to their native country, where by the exquiſite delicacy of their taſte, their *travelled improvements*, and above all, by their *exemplary virtues*, they continue to reflect additional luſtre on the Engliſh court, in which two of the moſt glorious and exalted characters that this world ever ſaw, preſide in piety, chaſtity, MERCY, WISDOM, and all true holineſs.

To enumerate this lady's many excellencies, would carry us to too great length, but it may be proper to obſerve that thoſe, for which ſhe is moſt diſtinguiſhed, are *admirable ſobriety* and *fair dealing* on all occaſions, particularly at *cards*.

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MRS. R-B-S-N, alias PERDITA, alias LAURA MARIA, &c.

HERE, we behold the ſad remains of beauty once admired. The hours of daliance and of fond delight, waſted all and fled. Where is now thy FLORIZEL*, thy paramour, and all the courtly flatterers, who bowed the knee before thee? Thy faded charms, and the miſerable wreck of thy once lovely form, no longer excite envy in woman or deſire in man. Often have we beheld thee in the zenith of thy foſtered vanity, thy little boſom fluttering with exultation and triumph at Florizel's approach. "Oh exquiſite ineffable delight! oh *ſuperhuman* rapture, to be loved by a *prince*, to languiſh, to diſſolve in the arms of the ſon of a monarch; Oh! 'tis too much for Perdita's ſenſibility to ſupport."

Such were the rapturous ſtrains, in which ſhe poured out the divine effuſions of her ſoul

* The P—e of W—es.

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on the ſon of B-w-ck. But, alas! the quicker our ſenſe of enjoyments, the ſhorter their duration; and the oftener repeated, the ſooner they loſe their value. Man, inconſtant man, promiſes only to deceive, and the ſuperior rank, dignity, and youth of Florizel, were almoſt incompatible with the humbler virtues of a ſettled attachment.

Other cauſes have likewiſe been aſſigned for the ſudden period put to this *chaſte* connection. At that time, Perdita's profuſion knew no bounds, ſo that her continual demands on the *r-y-l purſe*, and the demands daily preſented on her account from the *r-y-l tradeſmen*, excited ſome prudent reflections in the lover's breaſt.

Florizel however, in the glow and ardour of youth, was not ungenerous, and a liberal ſum, worthy of a *great magnificent prince*, paid by a FLOURISHING nation, was ordered as a proviſion for the ſplendid equipage and ſumptuous eſtabliſhment of Perdita;—a due tribute to virtue, and a proper reward for the zeal and fervor with which ſhe had initiated the *r-y-l novice* into the myſteries of Venus.

Extraordinary ſervices are intitled to *extraordinary*

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ordinary diſtinctions, and hence Perdita ſhone till lately, a conſtellation univerſally gazed at and admired. But diſeaſe has viſited her; her once graceful limbs have loſt their functions;--that beauteous ſymmetry which charmed the eye of all beholders, no longer raviſhes our ſight, and the miſerable ruins which remain, ſerve only as a ſad memorandum of the fatal effects of inordinate exceſſes;—let us hope a ſalutary caution to her ſex. When beauty fades, admiration ceaſes. Unhappy Perdita! when nature ſmote thee, man forſook thee.—Yet ſtill, thou ſeemeſt to delight in exterior ſhew.—Equipage and dreſs continue to pleaſe, nor doſt thou appear to retain the leaſt remembrance of earlier days, before thy mind was wholly debauched by the flatteries and vanities of a deceitful world. Example has not reached thee. Thy averſions are not excited by the vices, the meanneſſes thou haſt witneſſed amongſt the *great*, the *little* world, in which all thy vain hopes and ideas are ſtill centered. Their ingratitude has not cured thy prejudices;—their neglect and indifference have not hurt thy pride;—former remembrances have not awakened thy reflection. Neverthe-

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Nevertheleſs, thou haſt had forcible admonitions; they ought not to have ſpoken in vain. Haſt thou already forgotten the *titled youth*, himſelf forgetting the only *virtue* on which he can affect to build reputation;—*the pride of birth?* Canſt thou forget the young *nobleman* who, at the very moment he was ſwearing his moſt ardent paſſion for thee, could ſacrifice that paſſion, and act as the pandar of a P—ce? The *noble* who would refuſe a penny to ſave a pauper from *ſtarvation*, becomes a pimp, when neceſſary to feed the ſenſualities of him by whom he himſelf hopes to be promoted, even when the deareſt and moſt natural paſſion of the human heart is at ſtake.

Oh Perdita, thou knoweſt ſuch a man. What then are the boaſted claims of ariſtocracy, in whoſe praiſe all thy poetic rhapſodies are exhauſted? Amongſt that order, feeling is perverted, truth confounded; they ſee through the moſt partial mirror. Poverty ſeems a crime, rather than a misfortune in the poor.—Guilt is often held meritorious in the rich, yet the poor act from nature; with the rich and great, all is artificial. It is only amongſt

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mongſt the latter that nature's harmony is diſturbed; in the former, the genuine paſſions are predominant.

The mind of Perdita however, is too weakly organized, to reſiſt the ſtupid vanities, or to deſpiſe the fallacious gewgaw of Patrician pride. Diſabled, and no longer qualified to excel in her former ſphere, (although ſhe ſtill maintains her pretenſions,) in place of the *departed graces*, it has been attempted to introduce the *living muſes**. Perdita has for ſome time paſt appeared before the public, as an author. She writes poetry and romance with great facility, but with little effect, unleſs it be, from what ſubſcriptions may produce, the amount of which, we fear is conſumed, in paying newſpaper *puffs*, for which ſhe ſeems to have an *inſatiable appetite*; ſonnets, madrigals, odes, elegies, monodies, and epithalamiums, indiſcriminately flow from her pen, and if that be any conſolation to her, an infinity of *congenial* praiſe is almoſt daily laviſhed on them

* In Perdita's next poetic compoſitions, we would adviſe her to court a gayer Muſe, in thoſe which have hitherto appeared, the *opiate* is far too powerful.

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in that curious compoſition of *elegant criticiſm*, and refined literature, the Oracle, publiſhed under the direction of the *famous* Mr. John Bell, bookſeller, in the Strand.

The life of Perdita has been chequered with great variety. Whatever partiality ſhe herſelf may have for the dignity of birth and titles, her deſcent is from the *ranks* of democracy. Her father was a poor ſeafaring man, and her mother, *the lord knows who*; but to the hour of death, the parent found an eaſy and comfortable aſylum under her daughter's roof.

Launched out into this vaſt world, before ſhe had attained the age of eighteen, having taken *French leave* of her relations, it was her lot to become acquainted with a young man clerk to an attorney in Chancery lane, with whom ſhe entered into the holy ſtate of matrimony. But Perdita was very ill formed for the inſipid monotony of connubial life. Nature had been liberal towards her, and ſhe was conſcious of her attractions. Maſquerades, operas, pantheons, and all the ſpectacles of London were frequented by her. There, ſhe gave full ſway to her powers, till the cruel unrelenting arm of law ſtopt her career, and

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drove the youthful couple into the Fleet priſon, which has often proved a receptacle to unfortunate lovers. Here they continued in the moſt abject ſtate of poverty, till releaſed by that paragon of all goodneſs, the D-ch-ſs of Devonſhire, whoſe charity penetrates through the darkeſt gloom of a dungeon, to find the wretched out. Liberated from confinement, they at once forgot the horrid ſcenes through which they had paſſed, and again adventured on the theatre of boundleſs diſſipation.

Amidſt the conſtant orgies in which our *fair friend* was now engaged, ſhe became acquainted with a nobleman *, whoſe life was as eccentric, as the circumſtances of his death were remarkable. His lordſhip devoted all his attention to her, and thus, ſhe ſoon attracted univerſal notice. It would be unjuſt, were we to refuſe a degree of merit to Perdita far beyond what we generally find amongſt thoſe immerſed in the vapid circles of London amuſements—therefore, through L—d L-t-t-n's marked partiality, ſeconded by her own *merit*, ſhe ſoon became a ſtar of ſuperior ra-

* The late Lord L-ttl-t-n.

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diance. But our nobility, however prone to pleaſure, are generally ſlow in liberality, and hence pecuniary difficulties ſtill continued to caſt a gloom over all her apparent proſperity.

Many a reſplendent genius has been brought forth into action, rouſed by the preſſure of diſtreſs; the ſubject of preſent diſcuſſion had no title to this character, yet her perſonal claims were indiſputable; conſcious of which, ſhe applied to Mr. Garrick, and obtained from him permiſſion to appear on his theatre. Various characters were attempted, but all her efforts in acting, like thoſe in her writing, were faint and languid; nevertheleſs, if ſhe failed to pleaſe, ſhe never diſguſted; a negative praiſe, which it is impoſſible to confer on the generality of her ſucceſſors. Perdita *, in the Winter's Tale was reckoned her chef d'œuvre, and it was in that amiable character, ſhe conquered the heart of the youthful, the Royal Florizel.

The attendance and fatigue inſeparable from a theatrical profeſſion, were ill ſuited to a

* A character which ſhe performed with ſucceſs, and whence ſhe took the name by which ſhe has been known in the *polite* world.

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ſyſtem of the wildeſt diſſipation, and her r-y-l amour immediately diſſolved her engagement with Drury Lane.

It has been already mentioned how her intrigue with Florizel commenced, and how it concluded; after which, regardleſs of matrimonial reſtraints, her *commerce* with the gay world for a conſiderable time was *univerſal*, till that epoch of her life came on, which could not fail in ſome degree, to give a new bias to her conduct, becauſe it had an influence on her *affections*.

A HERO appeared before her, in whom all the accompliſhments of a Cæſar were united. The *ſcholar*, the *orator*, the *ſoldier*, the *lover*. As a ſcholar, in his book upon *tactics*, he ſhews himſelf a *perfect grammarian*, a moſt excellent *tactician*; as an orator his *parliamentary ſpeeches* prove him an *inimitable*, PRACTICAL *ſpeechifier*; as a ſoldier, the UNFADED *laurels* which he reaped in ſo glorioufly fighting againſt liberty, are the ſureſt proof of his patriotiſm and valour; and as a LOVER, let Perdita record his deſerts.

On his return from America, he was introduced to Perdita. The effect was ſudden and

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extreme. At his approach, her *ſenſes* were *petrified* with amazement. All remembrance of royalty vaniſhed; the blaze of charms that burſt upon her ſight, communicated itſelf to her heart, and ſhe fainted away at his feet.—The *god-like youth* enjoyed his triumph, and *ſtood erect* before her; till at laſt, awaking from her *trance*, tenderly ſurveying her *lovely conqueror*, her ſenſibility found vent, and ſhe cried out in the words of the Carthaginian queen, (for Perdita underſtands latin,)

"Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus eſſe Deorum."

Her hero was ſcarcely leſs affected, than herſelf; but when his ſpirits began to ſubſide, and he recounted his *noble* warlike deeds in America, whence he was juſt returned;—the ſpoils he had raviſhed from a ruined peaſantry, the fields he had laid waſte,—the granaries and cottages he had deſtroyed;—the numbers his *biting falchion* had mowed down,—and laſtly, his own imminent hair-breadth eſcapes, the tenderneſs of Perdita was once more overcome, and ſhe again exclaimed in the pathetic ſtrains of the unhappy, loveſick Dido:

——Hoc

——————— " Heu quibus ille
" Jactatus fatis ; quæ bella exhausta canebat."

During this *moving* scene, the lover's passions were wound up to such a height, that it became absolutely necessary for them to seek some *immediate* relief, nor did they fail to seize the first opportunity of retiring, to enjoy in private, the delicious fruit of their mutual enthusiasm.

Since the above period, the felicity of which we have faintly, very faintly attempted to describe, this connection has lasted with a few casual interruptions to the present day ; but we have lately heard, with unfeigned sorrow, (so fugitive are lover's joys,) that there at present exists a serious difference between them, the *Liverpool hero* having betrayed certain symptoms of amorous fondness for Perdita's fair daughter.—If however it be so, let us admonish our friend not to let her hero's infidelity add to her other misfortunes. Her long acquaintance with the *great*, must have convinced her, that these accidents will happen in the *best and greatest* families ; —that amongst them, they are affairs of course, and

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and as her *lover* has long forſaken his original *trading connections*, to live altogether in the *polite world*, with our BETTERS, ſhe ought not to be ſurpriſed or offended, that he ſhould implicitly follow the *faſhion*.

Perdita can not agreeably with her own principles be offended, that we have introduced her into the ſociety which ſhe courts with ſo much aſſiduity and zeal; ſo all apology is unneceſſary.

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HER R-Y-L H-N-SS P-C-SS A-G-T-S F-D-R-CK.

IN the Romiſh religion, marriage is a ſacrament; which no human law can diſſolve. In the Proteſtant churches, it has been ever held a moſt ſacred inſtitution, of divine origin, ordained by the Deity himſelf. "Thoſe, whom God has joined together, let no man put aſunder;" thus, ſaith the ſcripture; but man, proud man, dreſſed in regal authority, *modeſtly* ſtyling himſelf God's vicegerent upon earth, arrogates the power of annulling the laws of his maſter, and in virtue thereof ſtrikes at nature's rights, repudiates innocence, and violates at once the moſt ſacred bonds of morality and religion. It is the glory of k—gs to be conſiſtent. They will proclaim faſts and penances in expiation of *their ſubjects'* ſins; they will be moſt regular in attending divine ſervice, they will raiſe their *goggled* eye balls up to heaven, with all the fanatic exceſs of devotion, but attack

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attack their pride, their vaniy, or prerogative,—the holy myſteries of the church are deemed by theſe pious So———ns very unworthy of regard, when ſtriking at any idle vainglorious prejudice, to which their grandeur ſeems attached. If however the precedent be admitted, that any *human law* can diſannul the *divine law of marriage*, in one caſe, no charge of infidelity, or cauſe of repudiation alledged by either party, againſt the other, by a parity of reaſoning, if it ſuited any political or flagitious purpoſe, would be competent to diſannul any other, or all the marriages in the nation. What a deſperate precedent to eſtabliſh! yet, the Right Reverend bench afford their ſanction to it; a fiat is iſſued out by the B-ſh-p of the D-c-ſe, in order to ſhew cauſe, why the marriage of a k—g's ſon ſhould not be ſet aſide, and thus, an infant born in lowly wedlock, be *baſtardized*, although the parties had been firſt married in a foreign country, the banns had been three times ſucceſſively publiſhed afterwards at home, and the ceremony finally performed, agreeably

with

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with the moſt exact and rigid rules of the church.

Nevertheleſs, all that we perceive in this r-y-l manœuvre, is perfectly eſſential to the preſent conſtituted order of things. As the pomp and pageantry of courts are endangered by their virtues being queſtioned, it becomes neceſſary to increaſe the quantity of duſt, hitherto employed, to blind the multitude, in order to keep up the farce with additional ſplendour, and ſuperior decorations. But in the eyes of God—the parties are MAN and WIFE. Every attempt to divide thoſe whom mutual affection and the church have united, is infamous in the ſight of *man*, blaſphemous in the ſight of his *Creator*,—devoting to unmerited ſorrow, and ſtamping diſgrace and ruin on a woman;—perhaps only for obeying the dictates of a pure ingenuous heart: but the public, albeit, inclined as they have of late ſhewn themſelves, to believe as orthodox, all —— *proclamations*, will be ſlow in devoting to obloquy and miſery, an innocent female, or in countenancing opinions, that tend to violate the ſanctity of plighted faith, and to enable man and woman, pledged

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to each other by the engagement of a ſolemn religious contract, to marry other parties; nor will they, now that they have begun to think for themſelves, that their minds are in a ſtate of progreſs, be eaſily led to adopt a political ſtatute, in lieu of a religious vow, on which every thing moſt dear and ſacred in ſociety depends, and which would render the iſſue of matrimonial contract ſpurious. The ordinary feelings of mankind, are not yet ſublimed to this pitch of r-y-l refinements. The vulgar ſtill continue to pay ſome reſpect to that tye, which ſerves as a barrier of ſecurity, for the peace and happineſs of families, and to prevent the fatal conſequences of promiſcuous proſtitution.

Great God! is the reign of deluſion to laſt for ever? Are neither experience or example, ſo dearly bought, ſufficient to convince us, of the flagrant inveteracy of theſe impoſtures? What magic is there in the ſound of ——? and what honor can an amiable beautiful woman derive from ſuch an union? or where, on the other ſide, conſiſts the diſgrace, in yielding to the generous impulſe of the heart, in contempt of ſtupid, factitious,

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titious, distinctions? Do the letters which compose the name of Murray, strike more grating on the ear, than the harsh *outlandish* name of —— ?

Is affection become an art, to require the sanction of a royal patent, and are the most sacred religious duties,—the tenderest, dearest sensibilities of human nature, like the ordinary commodities of life, to be at the discretion of an — of ———, prompted from behind the curtain of a c-b-n-t?

The horrors of the system in question, we have attempted to illustrate in the first section of this volume, and too much praise cannot be conferred on persons under similar circumstances, who have had virtue and resolution to burst the shackles of unhallowed custom, and to obey the pure dictates of the soul.

Her R-y-l Highness surely can reflect no disgrace on the family with whom she is connected.—Her knowledge of the world—the advantages of a *travelled education*, having visited almost every court of Europe, and having resided very much at Paris, when that city was in *the zenith* of its Aristocracy, and where her charms received all the homage they deserved; calculated to shine conspi-

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cuous in the meridian of a palace, will enable her to be a very uſeful monitreſs, and to correct thoſe ſtriking exuberancies, which we ſtill remark in the B—w—ck race.

The Murrays are without exception rivetted in their attachment to princes. Their loyalty ſtands diſtinguiſhed upon record; indifferent to family, indifferent to individuals, provided thoſe individuals' brows be encircled with a regal diadem! Let then ſympathy in principle,—the *virtuous* attachment of a noble and loyal family, ſuperſede for once all regard for the excluſive definitions of ——.

If princes were more apt to lay aſide their prepoſterous unnatural diſtinctions, to be ſatisfied with a moderate rational power, and to be more on a level with the ordinary conditions of life, the ſyſtem might be of longer duration, than the preſent face of things announces.

Whatever revolution her new connection may have operated in her mind, Lady A-g-ta M-r-y was *naturally* a moſt amiable woman. Her countenance, a perfect emblem of the *cornucopia*, peace and plenty beam on her aſpect; they are alſo the features of her ſoul.

No

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No affected delicacy, no overstrained prudery of behaviour, she was formed to please, and it would be hard indeed, if she should have cause hereafter to lament the effects of her own powers of pleasing. But Oh! let not k—gs persist to frustrate great Nature's laws.—Professing religion, let them not violate its most solemn rites. No human decree can be competent to annul the sacred law of marriage; an ordinance of God himself.

The Author *here* speaks the language generally adopted by themselves. It is fair to argue from their own tenets, and to expose falsehood, when there appears such glaring contradictions in the theory and practice. He himself would be very loth to abide by their arbitration in any instance whatever. Detesting hypocrisy, he would prefer the free ingenuous character of Lady A-g-ta; he would find more charms in her manners, flowing from nature, pure, undisguised, than in all the formal ceremonies and disgusting pomps, kept up at W-s-r or B-k-h-m house.—To conclude; if the r-y-l blood *cannot be improved*, certainly, it will not be *vitiated* by the present alliance; the decision of the present question

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queſtion is yet in embryo, and the public impatiently wait to know;—whether, r-g-l p—de is to triumph over the moſt ſacred law, *human or divine*:—whether marriages which are ſaid to be made in heaven, can be thus diſſolved;—whether an Eccleſiaſtical court can iſſue forth a decree paramount to one, which iſſues from the celeſtial Chancery itſelf.

M-C-N-SS

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M—C—SS OF S-L-B-RY.

" The Sylvan race our active Dames purſue,
" Man is not all the game they have in view;
" In woods and fields, their glory they complete;
" There, *Lady Mary** leaps a five-barr'd gate."

VARIOUS are the degrees of excellence. Some delight in *princes*;—ſome in *hounds* and *horſes*. Her Ladyſhip's merit is general. She delights equally in them all. From the drawing room, where ſhe ſhines the *phœnix* of a court; ſhe next day appears the *Diana* of the chaſe;—the wonder of every ruſtic ſwain. Delicate in her form, apparently very unfit to brave the ſeverity of weather, or to endure the violent exerciſe of a fox chaſe, ſhe diſappoints expectation, and is at once the admiration and envy of every ſportſman in the field; no *Nimrod* amongſt them all, is able to vie with her in *knowledge of the country*†, or in the boldneſs

* M-c-n-ſs of S-l-b-ry, whoſe maiden *title* was *Lady M-ry H-ll.*

† A technical phraſe much uſed in hunting.

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of *cavalier* atchievements. Is it poſſible to refuſe applauſe, where we perceive an union of ſuch uſeful, exemplary accompliſhments? No; the *merit* is uniform and tranſcendant.—To be a companion of queens, the conſtant admired follower of a court, is *almoſt* as meritorious, as to be the ornament and leader of a fox hunt.

Her ladyſhip is certainly formed by nature as well as by education, and the inſtructions received under her moſt noble father*, to ſhine a brilliant conſtellation in the *galaxy* of royalty; but the exquiſite delicacy of her graceful form, and the *ſuppoſed* devotion to hymeneal duties, did not authoriſe a belief, that ſhe could ever have diſplayed that ſuperiority as a *huntreſs*, which nevertheleſs, ſhe has ſo *happily* attained. How can we account for this? My *L—d M-q-s* is a *nobleman* of *approved proweſs and vigour*. Pledges whereof have been produced, and the amiable, flattering likeneſs of the *manly* original, proclaimed;

* The late Marquis of D-n-ſh-re, *ci-devant* E—l of H-lſb-r-gh, a principal inſtigator of the American war, and who, through life, was an invariable devotee to the court.

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his Lordſhip however, is much addicted to indolence. *Morpheus* has ſhed his whole influence over him. Hence, he has not the power to *charm my Lady* to his bed, when the echoing horn ſounds a ſignal for the chaſe. It is not often that *Diana* triumphs over *Venus*. The Paphian queen ſtill reigns triumphant. Let us not then be too precipitate, nor from one deceitful example, call in queſtion, the ſovereignty of that empire, which the latter will ever hold over the world ſhe has ſubdued.

Collateral incidents may ariſe from the ſpurious inſtitutions of ſociety, that will caſually interrupt connubial ſlumbers, but it is not thence to be concluded, that the empire of almighty love ſuffers diminution. No; after conſummation, Hymen and Venus, amongſt the more elevated ranks of life, are often ſoon *divorced*. The veteran ſportſman *, who has ſo many years preſided over the amuſements of the field, and run ſo many foxes down, has not yet altogether given up the purſuit of other *game*. Threeſcore and upwards, he does not

* Mr. Hugo M-n-l, the moſt renowned and intrepid fox hunter in the whole world.

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ſeem to have loſt remembrance of other *ſports* —to uſe the words of a muſical comedy, "*Still loving the fiddle, though ſcarce able to dance;*" nevertheleſs, he labours to ſupport his *former reputation*, and forgetting domeſtic bickerings and misfortunes, (for he is ſaid to be unhappy at home,) to *erect a new ſtandard* by the diſcovery of *freſh ſubjects*. Nor does it appear, that he labours wholly in vain. It is he who directs the S-l-b-ry hunt. He ſounds the *horn* that calls forth *my Lady* from her bed, ſeduces her from her *noble conſort's drowſy* arms, and kindles in her boſom, the moſt intereſting animated ſenſations. It is not often that old age performs ſuch atchievements, but nature is whimſical and frequently delights to play her eccentric tricks. The M-c-n-ſs herſelf is no longer in the bloom of youth, and our *Engliſh Nimrod* has long paſſed his climacteric. Yet, in ſpite of every obſtacle, ſhe inſtantly riſes at the ſound of his *horn*, and *the moſt noble* Actæon continues to enjoy his innocent ſlumbers.--Natural cauſes have been ſtated, (although we believe not the ſtatement,) in illuſtration of this *phenomenon*. His Lordſhip, whatever the fact may be, certainly

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bears a ſtrong *perſonal* reſemblance to thoſe *gentle ſopranos* of the opera, over whom, in virtue of his office*, he holds an unlimited controul; but would it not be *barbarous* to inſinuate, after the *ſweet lovely little pledges*, which have ſprung from this *noble* union, that the *puiſſant* M—q—s bears any *phyſical* reſemblance to thoſe *unfortunate innocents*, ſome of whom however, have been known to inſpire with tendereſt emotions, the ſuſceptible boſom of Britiſh beauty? Such ſympathies indeed are perfectly *harmleſs*, and ought ſtill more to be encouraged, as not being expoſed to particular conſequences, that ſometimes reſult from enjoyments with rude unmutilated man.

In enumerating the perfections of her L-dy-p, the *hoſpitalities* of Hatf-ld muſt not be forgotten. The ſtrict etiquette there preſerved, the extreme and laudable care that is employed to prevent the approach of *vulgar* intruders, the ſplendid feſtivities being con-

* *The moſt noble* M-q-s, as L-d C-b-l-n, and being a nobleman of *incomparable* taſte and erudition, is appointed by the diſcriminating B-t-ſh C--t, to ſuperintend all the theatrical ſpectacles of London, and to take ſpecial care that no *Democratic* or *immoral* piece ſhall be repreſented.

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fined altogether to the neighbouring nobility and gentry of the *firſt diſtinction*, cannot be ſufficiently applauded, while we can never ceaſe to lament, that *Chriſtmas comes but once a year*, the only ſeaſon that their ſuperb *generous* feſtivals are celebrated. During the remainder of the revolving year, all is *blank*; the gates of the magnificent caſtle are impregnably barricadoed. Indeed it would be unreaſonable to expect, that ſuch diſtinguiſhed ornaments of Ariſtocracy, ſhould render their preſence too *common* to the *generality* of their country neighbours, therefore the M-q-s *ſeldom* appears amongſt them, and the M-c-n-ſs is *never* viſible, unleſs on *hunting* days.

L-DY

L-DY A-CH-R.

" Ay' J'encore décrit la dame brelandiere,
" Qui des Joueurs chez ſoi, ſe fait cabaretiere,
" Et ſouffre des affronts, que ne ſouffrirait pas
" L'hoteſſe dune auberge, à dix ſous par repas."
BOILEAU.

HER Ladyſhip's *figure* has been for many years *common* to this metropolis, but the natural complexion of her *face*, is no more remembered, it having been ſo long diſguiſed by *coſmetic art*, that fleſh and blood ſeem not to form the leaſt part of its compoſition. The art of *painting*, however, of *bruſhing up an old decayed picture*, is not the only art in which ſhe excels. The noble dame is a perfect miſtreſs of all our *polite, faſhionable arts*. In the art of driving a phaëton with ſuperior grace and dexterity;—of ſhuffling the cards, and *raiſing a cock** at Faro. In the ſecret art of

* An expreſſion much uſed at the intricate and *pleaſant* game of Faro, and a *practice never* omitted, when an opportunity offers.

prudent,

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*prudent, frugal hoſpitality**, as an *adept* in certain *manual exerciſes*, although now bending under the weight of years, ſhe has ſtill the PALM†, and in all the myſteries and arts of of love, ſhe is acknowledged to *have been* the paragon of her day. His late R-yal H-n-ſs the D-ke of Y—k, brother to our gracious Sovereign, the moſt *wiſe* and moſt *merciful* prince that ever ſwayed a r-y-l ſceptre, and uncle to our renowned *Dunkirk hero*, who, we are aſſured, is the greateſt and moſt ſucceſsful general, the world ever ſaw, ſome thirty

* It is a general complaint amongſt our elegant *muſcadins* and *muſcadines* who frequent her Ladyſhip's aſſemblies and *punt at her bank*, that when lemons are dear, ſhe makes her *lemonade* of *cream of tartar*, which is apt very much to agitate their *noble* inteſtines, and to produce a moſt *unpleaſant* effect in the company.

† It muſt here be obſerved that her Ladyſhip's *little lovely virgin* ſiſter M—ſs W-t, long diſputed the preeminence with her in this truly ingenious and popular art, and with whom the victory remained, was left for arbitration, to that pink of chivalry, that favourite of the fair, that all competent judge, the illuſtrious and *puiſſant* chevalier of the B-ck R—d, who after repeated trials, impartially pronounced their *merits* to be ſo equal, that it was impoſſible for him to decide between them.

years

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years ago, ſubmitted to her chains, a *voluntary* captive. The E-r-ngt-ns, the St-r-rs, who have paſſed away, and now only preſent the miſerable relics of worldly vanity and folly.—Thoſe *philanders* of former times once led *captivity captive*, too happy to be bound in her fetters. Rather more advanced in age than they, ſhe trained up thoſe veterans in the way they ſhould go, and they never ſtrayed from the *right* path, till forced, agreeably with the order of things, to ſubmit to fate, and yield up their places to the ſuperior vigour and attractions of more juvenile ſucceſſors.

Her FRIENDSHIP with Mr H-y E-r-ngt-n, (who can boaſt alliance with R-y-l blood*, ſhould not the Eccleſiaſtical court judge proper to interfere,) is of very ancient date, and amidſt the vaſt variety of lovers who have ſucceeded one after another, that gentleman has ſtill maintained his poſt, and to this very hour, *mighty even in his ruins*, enjoys his *virtuous* triumph, without exciting envy in his

* Mr E-r-ngt-n is uncle to her R-y-l H-n-ſs the P-c-ſs of W—s, *alias* Mrs. F-h b-t.

cotem-

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cotemporaries, and on his laſt ſtage, diſplays a *ſingular* example of the moſt *meritorious conſtancy and love.*

In the progreſs of life, different paſſions alternately ſucceed; cuſtoms and manners vary:

" Le temps qui change tout, change auſſi nos humeurs,
" Chaque age a ſes plaiſirs, ſon eſprit et ſes mœurs."

" Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores,
" Mobilibuſque decor naturis, dandus et annis*."

When there is a falling off of lovers; when a *conſcious* decay of nature promiſes no return of thoſe courtſhips and flatteries ſo laviſhly offered to youth and beauty, other ſubſtitutes are explored. The mind *muſt* be occupied, and gaming is a *noble* field for avarice (which is the vice of age) to work in. Female vanity never dies, and when perſonal charms are faded, nor adorers to be met, ſtill it delights in diſſipated ſcenes, and finds a reſource in the ſpectacles of a theatre, or in the tumultuous croud and diſtractions of a gaming houſe. Never was there a more fervent devotee, than this *noble lady* has uniformly been through life, to

* Horace.

pleaſure

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pleaſure ; never, did any perſon *labour* more indefatigably to fill up the wrinkled deformities of nature, with the impotent remedies of art ; but all is *labour in vain* ;—the remedy worſe than the diſeaſe, it chiefly conſiſting of mercurial and a variety of pernicious ingredients, often inflicting palſies and other moſt fatal maladies: nor in another ſenſe, does it ever anſwer the purpoſe intended, exciting diſguſt, inſtead of ſtimulating deſire: a revolting melancholy inſtance of which, we have now before us--A PAINTED SEPULCHRE. If the ſex were only anxious to appear beautiful in their own eyes, to pleaſe themſelves, doubtleſs, they would be free to chuſe their own ornaments, and to dreſs themſelves out after their own faſhion and caprice ; but if it be men whom they aſpire to pleaſe, if it be for them that they daub and varniſh their complexions, I have collected the opinions of mankind, and I promiſe on the part of the great majority, if not of all, that the uſe of paint renders women hideous and diſguſting, that it withers and diſguiſes them, that men hate as much to behold the female counte-

nance

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nance thus plaiſtered, as to ſee falſe teeth in the mouth, or balls of wax in the jaw; that they decidedly proteſt againſt every artifice employed to disfigure the ſex.

If women were by nature, what they make themſelves appear by art; were they to loſe in an inſtant the bloom of youth; ſhould their complexions become *naturally* and ſuddenly as leaden and wan, as they are rendered by the deſtructive minerals they employ, they would be inconſolable. Nevertheleſs, ſuch continues the ſtupid, pernicious practice, in all the higher circles of *poliſhed* ſociety.

It is a *glorious* cuſtom in Britain, amongſt the great, for the daughters of nobility, to be preſented at court, and initiated into all the virtuous enjoyment of the *beau monde*, as ſoon as they have attained a certain number of years; but our *antique* dame kept back her lovely daughters, nor uſhered them into ſociety, till compelled to do ſo, till the young ladies had bidden adieu to their *mama's houſe*, without notice, and committed themſelves to other protection.

This reluctance on her part to make known her OFFSPRING, the fruits of honeſt and lawful *love*, has alſo been aſſigned to a different

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ent cauſe.—Her ladyſhip being to enjoy the intereſt of their fortunes while they remained unmarried, it has been *wickedly* reported, that her conduct was influenced in this buſineſs, by the above ſordid ungenerous motive.

The motive however, is immaterial. The widow's income was certainly very much reduced by her daughters' marriages, and as it is rather a painful taſk to curtail thoſe luxuries, which cuſtom has rendered eſſential to exiſtence, it became neceſſary to ſtrike out ſome plan of reparation, for this decreaſe of property, whereby ſhe might be able ſtill to *keep up* her former ſplendid appearance, and ſet the envy of *goſſop* malignity at defiance. The fecundity of her brain ſupplied an adequate remedy. A *faro bank* was to be the happy inſtrument of *renovation*, and Plutus has crowned her moſt ſanguine hopes.

In the temple of *virtue*, which ſhe inhabits, a *happy freedom* reigns, and it is only to be lamented, as a partial drawback on the pleaſure derived from the profits of her bank, that ſo perfect is the liberty which there exiſts that ſhe is treated with as little reſpect, and with as ſovereign contempt by her honourable and

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noble gueſts, as if ſhe were, *what moſt aſſuredly ſhe is not—a proſtituted miſtreſs of the vileſt gaming brothel.* So true it is, that there ſcarcely exiſt *any uſes*, without *their abuſes*. But when great benefits flow from any ſyſtem, *little petty evils* that may attend it, are ſcarcely felt, and if the *grand object* be fulfilled, a few trifling *rebuffs* and *hard* words are not deſerving of notice. Beſides, ſenſibility is not very quick or irritable at a gaming table, except on that point, wherein the mind is immediately engaged, and provided money repleniſhes the bank, my *Lord's abuſe* makes very little impreſſion *on my lady's ſentiment*.

Characters of this deſcription are not unfrequently devout. Her Ladyſhip, in the year 1793, was ſeized with an alarming paralytic complaint, ſince which time, her piety ſhines conſpicuous, and religion is blended with her *other devotions*; yet it is to be ſincerely regretted, that her religion conſiſts more in *outward viſible ſhew*, than in *inward ſpiritual grace*, and that if her theory be juſt, her practice is miſerably imperfect, ſo that all her piety and faith neither procure her friendſhip, love, or reſpect,

" Not

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" Not A-ch-r's bible can ſecure her age,
" Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page,
" While death ſtands by, but till the game is done,
" To ſweep that ſtake, in juſtice long his own."

We now bid adieu to this hackneyed female veteran, whoſe whole life, it muſt ſeriouſly be admitted, has been conſumed in one unvaried round of vapid or c-m-n-l purſuits; who threatened as ſhe now is by approaching infirmities, cannot command one endearing reflection to cheer and conſole her, and who is about to quit this mortal ſtage, without being able *morally* to ſay, " I have performed one good or generous action."

COUNTESS

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COUNTESS OF B-K-H-S-RE, CIDEVANT MRS. H—B—T.

IT has been wiſely contrived by our legiſlators, that different degrees of morality ſhould be eſtabliſhed amongſt the various ranks in life. Thus, a mode of conduct which confers the brighteſt luſtre upon the *ariſtocrat*, will tranſport a *poor* fellow to Botony-Bay, or ſend a *needy villain* to the gallows. The *great* lady of whom we are now about to write a juſt panegyric, may very fairly illuſtrate the obſervation; for had ſhe given ſuch full *ſcope to her genius*, ſuppoſing her to have ſprung from a plebeian origin, ſhe would in all probability have paſſed much of her time in the houſe of correction; whereas on the contrary, deſcended from, and allied to a *noble* race, ſhe is an object of *admiration*, *imitation*, and *conſideration*; her ſmile is *fame*, and her approval *glory*. Before the late *happy* period when a coronet fell upon her brow, ſhe was *ſimply honourable*; but now ſhe is abſo-

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lutely *right honourable*, and particularly diſtinguiſhed by that pureſt of all qualities, (and indeed almoſt the only one that at this day bears any weight in England,) y'clepped *loyalty*, a LOVE of KINGS.—Now it muſt be confeſſed by all who reflect ſeriouſly and candidly on the ſubject, forming their judgment on the hiſtory of paſt times, or on the tranſactions of the preſent, that k—gs are the greateſt bleſſings to mankind; that it is entirely owing to their virtuous and *majeſtic* exertions, that the world has been ſo long, and is ſtill preſerved in peace, good order, and proſperity, that the labourer enjoys his honeſt earnings free from violence or impoſition; no tax gatherers to diſturb his repoſe, to violate his peaceful dwelling, and raviſh the fruits of his virtuous induſtry; or if *per chance*, he *ſhould* be aſſailed by ſuch *gentry*, one conſolation yet remains, that it is all for the good of government, and in order to ſupport the war in which we are happily engaged*. To k—gs likewiſe

* Such events certainly ſometimes take place, and one not long ſince came to the author's knowledge, which in candour he thinks himſelf bound to mention.

A poor

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wiſe we are indebted, that juſtice is equally diſtributed to all men, and that if there ſtart up any audacious democrate to diſpute this *truiſm*, to them we are bound in eternal obligation for having appointed truſty and well-beloved magiſtrates, who *knowing* the value of our free conſtitution, know likewiſe how to provide the ſure means of puniſhing all turbulent, ſceptical diſputants.

But not to digreſs further, our HEROINE, even when *mother H—b—t*, was of great repute, and eminently diſtinguiſhed for a proper and *genteel* introduction of *raw* cornets and *unfledged* enſigns into life, and for the generous aſſiduity with which ſhe initiated them into all the joys and myſteries of *Venus*; but alas! as with her *dear noble friend*, to whoſe merits we

A poor woman on her death-bed, in extreme diſtreſs, was ſurpriſed by a tax-gatherer, knocking violently at her door: ſhe was too feeble to riſe, and the man in conſequence went away, but returned the next day with a conſtable, broke open the door, and demanded the King's taxes in his Majeſty's name, which the poor woman being unable to pay, agreeably with *ſtrict juſtice*, he took away the bed from under her, and ſhe died in a very few hours. This circumſtance happened in the neighbourhood of Hackney.

have

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have endeavoured to be juſt in the laſt chapter, thoſe bleſſed days are paſt, and the Paphian queen no longer receives her wonted rights. Age and corpulency are antidotes againſt all tender paſſions, yet the abſence of youth and beauty is ſufficiently attoned by the teſtimony of a *good conſcience*; of a heart *that ne'er knew guile*.

The caſual obſerver indeed, when he ſees her Ladyſhip waddling through the *faſhionable* ſtreets, puffing, blowing, and *ſweating* (pardon *my Lady*, the expreſſion) followed by two powdered, *pampered* lacquies, may naturally conceive her to be the perſonification of impudence, vanity, and vice; but how would he be ſurpriſed, were he informed that ſhe was on her way to adminiſter comfort to a ſick widow or a deſerted orphan, to aſſiſt an unfortunate tradeſman on the eve of bankruptcy, or to ſet a captive debtor free, by yielding up the profits of her laſt night's *faro bank*?

Her Ladyſhip's feelings were always moſt acute; happy however, it is not on all ſubjects that they are affected. We have beheld her ready to burſt with rage, when the

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conſequences have been againſt her at Macao*, and betray ſymptoms of the moſt violent agitation, on her *faro bank* being plundered by its *mercileſs beſiegers*. But to family misfortunes, her ſenſibility is not ſo quick. When ſhe loſt an infant child, through the careleſſneſs of a ſervant letting it drop from his arms, ſhe expreſſed no anger or ſorrow, and when ſhe was made acquainted with the death of a ſon fighting his Majeſty's battles in America, ſhe ſubmitted to that calamity with truly Chriſtian fortitude, nor did the public ſuffer any diſappointment from the loſs, her aſſemblies continuing open as uſual. A *ſable exterior* was the only mourning which the Counteſs evinced on the occaſion? So high does ſhe ſoar above the ordinary feelings of humanity.

A few years ago, many perſons of *high birth* reſident in this metropolis, were afflicted with a continual watchfulneſs, unable to procure the gifts of ſleep, however omnipotent that Deity in general rule amongſt them; but ſuch was the caſe, when the counteſs (at that time

* A game at cards once very much in vogue.

Mrs.

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Mrs. H-b-t) took pity on their melancholy ſtate, and determined to exert all her powers for their immediate relief. She therefore opened her *ſuperb hotel* every evening, where ſhe *indulged* them with readings by *herſelf*, aſſiſted by her friend the little ſprightly barriſter, Mr. J-k-ll, who thus paved his way into *good company*. Theſe lectures were choſen from our favourite dramatic authors, and her Ladyſhip's remedy proved a *panacea*; for before it had been applied ten minutes, her auditors were ſure to yawn, and in leſs than half an hour they were generally all faſt locked up in the ſoft arms of conſoling Morpheus. She alſo, that is to ſay her Ladyſhip, did at times exhibit her *full blown* charms as an actreſs on ſeveral private theatres: what characters ſhe ſupported, we have now unfortunately forgot, but to judge from appearances, the Peereſs muſt have ſhone with peculiar brilliancy in the repreſentation of Mrs. Blackacre, and ſtill more, in that of Huncamunca in Tom Thumb.

O for a Stentor's voice to ſound her praiſe,
In rich variety of matchleſs worth.
Whether ſhe quaff the *cordial*, or turn up
The fateful card at Faro,—in the box

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Of opera or play-houſe, whether ſtill
With loudeſt voice, ſhe ſhouts *God ſave the King*,
Abaſhing all the grumbling *ſanſculottes*;
Or whether at the well frequented *route*
She *ſwelter* forth her kindneſs, ogling from
Her oily eyelids, many a battered beau,
Conſumptive colonel, and decrepit lord;
Or in the preſence of the *gifted* Turk,
Juſſef Effendi bids her boſom heave
With eager palpitations of deſire;
Alike in all ſhe charms.

Were we to enumerate the noble Counteſſes, perfections to the utmoſt extent, we ſhould ſurpaſs the limits of our preſent volume, we ſhall therefore bid her Ladyſhip adieu, after having recalled to the public mind a ſpecimen of the moſt exquiſite, the moſt refined taſte, as diſplayed in the ſplendid fête which ſhe gave at her ſuperb villa near London, in the ſummer of 1792; an entertainment ſo fantaſtical and eccentric, ſo enchanting and magnificent, that we were inclined to think the accounts publiſhed concerning it in the magazines and newſpapers of the day, were exaggerated, but on enquiry, we diſcovered, that they were perfectly accurate, and publiſhed by *my Lady*'s own authority.

The

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The reader will find the following account in the European Magazine for the month of July or Auguſt, 1792.

June 28. 1792, *Mrs. H-b-t's Rural Breakfaſt and Promenade.*

" THIS long looked for and long prevented faſhionable *dejeuné* was given yeſterday " in ſpite of the weather. It is almoſt needleſs to remark that all the firſt nobility and " faſhion about town graced this moſt delightful fête. The Prince of Wales came firſt, " and preciſely at one o'clock. Between four " and five hundred perſons were preſent. " Amongſt whom were the Duke of Glouceſter, Ducheſſes of Rutland and Gordon, " Margrave of Anſpach, Mrs Fitzherbert, the " Duke of Queenſberry, ſeveral of the Corps " diplomatique, and many other foreigners of " the very firſt diſtinction. The Duke of " Clarence was not there, *irreparable loſs!* " The breakfaſt laſted from *two* till paſt *ſeven* " o'clock."

" The leading perſon in this entertainment " (which was obliged to be confined to the

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" houſe on account of the weather) was Mrs.
" Briſtow, a near relation of Mrs. H-b-rt.
" This lady, who has long reſided at the In-
" dian court Lucknow, was every inch a
" queen. Dreſſed in all the magnificence of
" Eaſtern grandeur, Mrs. Briſtow repreſented
" the Queen of Nouradjad, or the Light of
" the world, in the garden of roſes. She was
" ſeated in the large drawing room which was
" very beautifully fitted up with cuſhions in the
" Indian ſtyle, ſmoaking her hookah, amidſt
" all ſorts of the choiceſt perfumes. Mrs.
" Briſtow was very profuſe with her otto of
" roſes, (*which by the bye was highly neceſſary*)
" drops of which were thrown about the ladies'
" dreſſes. The whole houſe was ſcented
" with the moſt delicious fragrance."

" The company on entering, were all pre-
" ſented to Mrs. Briſtow by Mrs. H-b-t.
" Young Keppel, ſon of the Margravine of
" Anſpach, was dreſſed in girls cloaths. He
" was in the character of a Calabreſe, and
" ſung ſome charming French ſongs with the
" *divine* Le Texier, who was in woman's
" cloaths as a ballad ſinger, and played on the
" fiddle."

" A lady

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"A lady was dreſſed as a Savoyarde, but "could not be diſtinctly heard, on account of "an intolerable large maſk over her face: "Mrs. Briſtow likewiſe ſung."

"Each lady had a lottery ticket given her "by Mrs. H-b-t on entering, and each drew "a prize. The Ducheſs of Rutland drew "the ſecond higheſt; but the *groſs lot* or firſt "prize never went out of the wheel. It was "at the end of the drawing, preſented by "Mrs H-b-t on her KNEES TO THE INDIAN "QUEEN NOURADJAD."

Such is the truly pictureſque deſcription of this divine fête, and we are happy to announce, that it is her Ladyſhip's intention to repeat it this ſummer, in honour of the acceſſion to her new rank and dignities.

MRS.

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MRS. H-ST-R L-NCH P-ZZI,
late Thrale

"Ay' j'encore dépeint la femme bilieuſe,
"*La Pedante au ton fier, la Bourgeoiſe ennuyeuſe,*
"Celle qui d'elle même fait ſon ſeul entretien,
"Celle qui toujours parle, et ne dit jamais rien?"
BOILEAU SATIRE.

THE private life of this lady has been ſcrutinized with much freedom, and criticiſm appears to have laid aſide candour in examining her literary productions. Peter Pindar has ridiculed her moſt unmercifully. Jemmy Boſwell has *cut her up*; and Barretti has abuſed her. We ſhall endeavour to be more juſt and to render ſtrict juſtice both to her character and talents.—When old Thrale was removed from this world, it is to be hoped, into a better, ſhe was left a widow, rich and *jolly*,—*little more than forty*, with warm paſſions, which the *parturition* of a *dozen* children had not been able to ſubdue. Now it ſo happened, that Signor P-zz-i had been muſical inſtructor to the daughters for many months previous to the old

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old *gentleman's* death, and imperceptibly, by liſtening to the vocal melodies of the *enchanting Signor*, her heart was much ſoftened. In ſhort, ſhe *falled* in love with him; and after a decent time paſſed in widowhood, ſhe condeſcended to give him her hand, her *ſoul* and her fortune, whereby the Signor became the *happieſt* of men.—Theſe nuptials however, were not celebrated without violent oppoſition from the *young ladies*, who could not endure the idea of mama's marrying a *muſic maſter*; neither were they deſirous that others ſhould partake in the inſtructions which they received. Dr. Johnſon alſo, who had long been a *friend* to the family, uttered, according to his eccentric manner, ſome *growling* ſarcaſms; but all was ineffectual. Almighty love triumphed; the holy ceremony was performed, and the *rites conſummated*. Though this *revolution* occaſioned a great outcry in the *Thralian* circles, and particularly offended the *chaſte and learned* ſociety of the *blue ſtockings*, of which ſhe had been a principal ornament, but from which, ſhe was now indignantly excluded, yet it were barbarous to deny a blooming widow the right of pleaſing herſelf in an affair, where female happineſs is ſo intimately connected;

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and more eſpecially as all the Brewer's children were *nobly* provided for, independent of their mama, who had been ſo long accuſtomed to *Hymeneal enjoyments*, that ſhe knew not how to ſubmit to a ſolitary life of celibacy. Indeed we cannot diſcover that the Signora in any manner diſgraced herſelf by theſe nuptials, for in the eyes of nobility, a *Muſician* is conſidered equal to a Brewer, (unleſs indeed where weight of metal preponderates); nor can any juſt reaſon be aſſigned, why a dealer in *ſtrains*, ſhould not be in all reſpects as worthy and *active* a citizen, as a dealer in *grains*. But this intricate point we muſt refer for deciſion to the Corinthian pillar of Ariſtocracy*, who tells us that virtues as well as titles are hereditary, and who can trace the exact line, where *quality ends*, and where the ſwiniſh multitude begin.

The Signora's literary talents are above mediocrity; her life of Johnſon is full of requiſite information, certainly far ſuperior to any ſimilar production from her *learned* male competitors. Her poetry is by no means contemptible. The account of her travels with her preſent beloved lord and maſter is enrich-

* The Right Honourable E—d B—ke.

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ed by accurate obſervations, as well as by a faithful delineation of national character, and may be reckoned her beſt *literary* production. Having been many years in moſt intimate habits with that renowned bully of literature Dr. Johnſon, ſhe has imbibed all his prejudices, to which ſhe is bigoted with an invincible obſtinacy.

If however, ſhe practiſes his *faults*, ſhe adopts his *virtues*. Like him, ſhe is an orthodox Chriſtian, an admirer of nobility, an adorer of k—gs, an everlaſting egotiſt, and a determined enemy to human liberty. Her creed is paſſive obedience, nonreſiſtence, and implicit faith. Amen.

It rejoices us to learn that the family breach which her ſecond marriage had occaſioned, is perfectly repaired. Her daughters have returned to their duty, and the Italian *papa* is properly reſpected. We therefore ſincerely hope, that her evening of life may cloſe in peace, and that when ſhe and the tender, faithful P-zz-i ſhall have warbled their *finale* here on earth, they may be wafted to the abode of bliſs, to ſing Hallelujahs *without end*.

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C-NT-SS OF S-FT-N.

THE conſort of this great female perſonage is chiefly diſtinguiſhed by the ſign CORNUCOPIA, which he bears on his much *honoured* and Right Honourable front. The Counteſs herſelf is *renowned* for a variety of perfections. The noble and royal blood* which ſo happily blended, continues to flow *pure* in her veins, is the ſureſt preſage of her many *virtues*. Conſcious of the ſuperior worth annexed to high deſcent, ſhe acts up to the ſentiment, is haughty and overbearing towards perſons of inferior rank, or towards thoſe for whom her heart feels no predilection, while ſhe is all affability and condeſcenſion to *princes*;—all tenderneſs and love, where her

* L-dy S—t-n is eldeſt daughter of the late Earl of H-r-ngt-on, ſo *juſtly* celebrated for his *elegant* amours in King's place, &c. &c. by the Right Honourable Lady C. Fitzroy his wife, who was deſcended in a *crooked* line from that royal but indiſcriminate *propagator* of the human race Charles II.

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paſſions are engaged. The Earl of C-l-ſle who, when in *bloom*, ſhone the *prettieſt* flower of the parterre; Richard F-zp-tr-ck, who in his *decadence* now only preſents a ſad imperfect copy of what he formerly was,—a melancholy image of an ill-ſpent life; and poor John St. John, who has been lately tranſlated to another world, are all ſaid to have been alternately happy in —*her protection*.

Where there exiſt no ſympathy of taſte or feeling between the parties, no very great harmony, at leaſt, no ſuperior comforts or happineſs can be expected in the married ſtate, unleſs there be a certain degree of philoſophy on one ſide or the other, and we have reaſon to believe that domeſtic quiet is little known in this family. *My Lord* is petulant, capricious, eternally on the fret, and vexed by every trifling incident; while the high ſpirit of *my Lady*, which ſhe inherits from her late noble mother, cannot brook the ſlighteſt neglect or imaginary affront; but whenever matters come to an iſſue, victory generally inclines on the ſtrongeſt ſide, the *Earl* being very unable to cope with the *Counteſs* in

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in feats of *corporeal prowess*. Nevertheless, they ſtill perſiſt to drag the chains of Hymen under the ſame roof, although it cannot be pretended that their ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, nor that all their paths are peace; but ſtill the *little Peer* has his *little* reſources within himſelf. He delights in *his ponies* and his phaeton, "Gaudet equis, canibuſque," in the novelty and elegance of his harneſs and equipage he feels infinite ſatisfaction, and while occupied by theſe *ſublime* Ariſtocratic purſuits, he ſeems to forget all domeſtic misfortunes. The *Peereſs had* far different avocations. She delighted as we have already ſignified—in ———; but having paſſed the age of maturity, *friget Venus*, and *votaries* are now wanting, the bloom has been long off the fruit.

"Quò fugit Venus? heu! quove color decens?
"Quo *motus*? Quid habes illius, illius,
"Quæ ſpirabat amores,
"Quæ me ſûrpuerat mihi,
"Felix poſt *nullam*, notaque et artium
"Gratarum facies?———

Fidelity to the marriage vow is rarely to be found amongſt our ſuperiors; which is the more wonderful, when we conſider the bright example

example of conjugal hapineſs diſplayed by the royal couple, whoſe virtues at preſent are more than ever the ſubject of univerſal panegyric.

If however, in one particular inſtance, the ſplendid example is not followed, we are bound to confeſs that in moſt inſtances, the imitation is perfect; witneſs the terrible cataſtrophe which happened at the Hay-market theatre, where ſixteen perſons were cruſhed to death, when the amuſements of the theatre were no ways interrupted*; not one r-y-l feature was in the leaſt diſcompoſed, and the whole audience after the *moral* and *ſublime* example before them, ſeemed to enjoy the ſpectacle with unuſual ſpirit and animation.

This impreſſive leſſon made little effect, for a very few days afterwards, the r-y-l

* Nothing can more perfectly illuſtrate the preſent *humane* and *merciful* ſyſtem, than the unparalleled and ſhocking event here alluded to, when ſixteen reſpectable individuals, all Engliſhmen, hurried into eternity, through an eagerneſs to gain admiſſion at the theatre was not held of conſequence ſufficient to interrupt the play of the evening: whereas when news arrived of the King of France having ſuffered death, to which he had been condemned by the laws of his country, all the theatres were ſhut up, and a general mourning ordered. Britons reflect!

f-m-l-y

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f-m-l-y repaired again to Covent Garden theatre, to receive *ſuperlative delight* from the *varied* ſprightlineſs of their favourite Quick, and from the *never fatiguing drollery* of Dr. Fauſtus*.

As the Counteſs is almoſt on every occaſion a follower of the court, it may be preſumed that ſhe was preſent at the Hay-market on this fatal evening, but we have not heard that there was any fainting or exceſſive ſenſibility diſplayed, although we have ſeen dozens of *tender hearted* females carried lifeleſs from a playhouſe, unable to reſiſt the imaginary woes of a Belvidera or Caliſta.

We have already noticed the *ruling* propenſities in the *Counteſſes good little man.* They certainly engage much of his time, but are not altogether ſufficiently powerful to engroſs all his vacant hours.

The temple of V-n-us in Berkley-ſtreet often acknowledges him a *votary*, where he *bends* before the goddeſſes ſhrine, and the HIGH PRIESTESS herſelf† ſometimes joins in *mutu-*

* The above *intereſting* and *comical* pantomime was repeated no leſs than four times by their M-j-ſty's command.

† M-th-r W-ſt-n.

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al ſacrifice to render their *devotions* complete.

His Lordſhip formerly was very ſuſceptible of the tender paſſions. Many years ago at Scarborough he was deeply ſmitten by an arrow ſhot from the eyes of a celebrated beauty in thoſe days, of *ſanſculottes* extraction*, but who

* This lady is the once renowned N-c-y P-ſ-ns, whoſe origin we cannot trace, but who was educated in the *hoſpitable kitchen* of the *famous m-th-er* W-lch in C-vel-nd Row. Here, ſhe became acquainted with dukes and lords, who occaſionally deſcend into thoſe ſubterraneous regions in queſt of beauty. Here, the fair and fortunate Nancy was diſcovered, and ſoon availing herſelf of the diſcovery, ſhe was exalted from the kitchen to the parlour, where ſhe improved the acquaintance ſhe had made with many great perſons, till at length ſhe became the declared miſtreſs of a prime miniſter and duke, with whom ſhe remained ſeveral years during the plenitude of that miniſter's power; after which ſhe was transferred from his Grace of G-t-n, to his Grace of D—-t, with whom ſhe made the *grand tour* of Europe, and perfected herſelf in all the accompliſhments to be acquired by foreign travel; and as merit accompanied by perſeverance, ſeldom fails eventually to ſucceed, ſhe at length *really* married a nobleman, has long adorned the liſts of Britiſh nobleſſe under the title of V-ſc-nt-ſs M-yn-d, and is now received agreeably with

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who has often laid the proudeſt Ariſtocracy *flat*. To her he offered his hand, his heart, and we are partly ignorant, why they were unaccepted; but there is reaſon to ſuppoſe that his Lordſhip's friends fearful leſt his noble blood ſhould be debaſed by ſuch an alliance, hurried him away to London, where the diſtractions of gaming and other faſhionable orgies might eradicate the impreſſion his heart had received; but this object was not wholly accompliſhed, till he met with the preſent Counteſs, whoſe charms then in their full meridian, at once effected the buſineſs, and effaced every veſtige of the forſaken Nancy from his memory.

It is to be lamented that marriages which take place at a very early period, are ſeldom productive of any ſolid happineſs. The union between this noble pair was celebrated and conſummated at an age, when man is generally

her rank, at all the courts where ſhe occaſionally reſides; although we are ſorry to obſerve, that once meeting with our royal ducheſſes on their travels, they manifeſted certain qualms, which hurt her Ladyſhip's *delicate* feelings, and in ſome degree diſturbed the harmony of her amiable temper.

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but little acquainted with himſelf, when he is apt to act rather from any immediate impulſe of the moment, than from the reſult of ſerious reflection. Her Ladyſhip's object as well as that of her parents in this match was fortune; the heart it is to be imagined was little conſulted; as amongſt the great, intereſt is the grand principle of matrimonial contracts; nevertheleſs, Hymen has crowned their *endeavours* with a hopeful youth*, who himſelf before he had attained the age of twenty-one, unadmoniſhed by example, took unto himſelf a wife†, who, if we are to judge from the virtues of her moſt ſerene Highneſs, her illuſtrious mother‡, will do *honour* to his bed. May their union turn out happy, as it doubtleſs will be *prolific*. May her Ladyſhip prove gentler than her mother-in-law, at leaſt as *chaſte* and *virtuous* as her own *much honoured* parent; and may my Lord prove wiſer, much wiſer than his father!

* Lord V-c-nt M-l-n-x.

† Honourable Miſs C—v—n.

‡ Her ſerene Highneſs the M g-v-ne of A-p-ch, ci-devant Lady C—v—n.

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LADY W-LL-CE.

COULD not all her arts, her eloquence prevail? Could not her *ripened* charms, her *full blown* beauty, her *eccentric virtues* raiſe one ſympathetic ſigh for *congenial* worth in the flinty boſom of inexorable miniſters; not one pang of compaſſion for the unfortunate Hero of Jemappe? Alas! how fallen! fallen never to riſe again, when ſuch *bewitching ſoftneſs*, ſuch *faſcinating graces*, united to all the *celeſtial* powers of perſuaſion, could not procure his pardon, or obtain an aſylum for her once victorious *friend*, within the Britiſh dominions; although it were *proved* he had *never* ſworn to plant the tree of liberty in St. James' park*; that he had *never* ſworn to fix the *bonnet rouge* on the *ſapient venerable* head of our *venerable* monarch, and in ſpite of his own aſſertions, recorded in his CONSISTENT ſublime manefeſtos, that he had *at no time*

* Vide, the conduct of the King of Pruſſia to General Dumourier inveſtigated by Lady W-ll-ce.

threatened

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threatened to overrun Holland, to deſtroy the Stadtholderſhip, and ſend away the Prince of Orange *on a viſit* to his brother William at Berlin.—Although *my Lady* had *confirmed* her hero's *innocence* beyond all doubt, ſtill he was arbitrarily ordered from hence; baniſhed like a *vagabond outcaſt traitor*; driven to implore ſhelter amongſt ſtrangers, who deſpiſed, and thence expoſed to the bittereſt outrages from his own emigrant countrymen, who execrated and abhorred him.

Her Ladyſhip's zeal and gratitude in the preſent inſtance cannot be too highly applauded. She had received the moſt *potent* proofs of the hero's attachment. She had been *wiſely* ſelected as the depoſitary of all his ſecrets during the proſperous campaign in Flanders; his *amiable, truſty confidante*, who, diſclaiming as ſhe herſelf aſſures us, all other ſentiments than thoſe of *pureſt platoniſm*, confined all her knowledge, all the information ſhe had received within her own *capacious* faithful boſom;—thus eſtabliſhing her claims to confidence and friendſhip.

Whoever has read *her Ladyſhip*'s pamphlet, muſt be delighted by the genuine unaffected ſimplicity,

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ſimplicity, with which ſhe recounts the *wonderful* power that ſhe held over the *cidevant* conqueror of Flanders,—the univerſal envy ſhe thence excited, and the ſuſpicions that were affected to be entertained concerning her by the other French generals, eſpecially by the late general Morton, who nevertheleſs, as a *particular mark of juſt diſtinction*, had appointed the Archdùcheſs's box at the playhouſe, to be always prepared for her Ladyſhip and her party*.

Our *heroine* has always ſhewn a partiality for *great* men of all deſcriptions. The General although diminutive in ſize, was great in talents, great in warlike achievements, and on this virtuous baſis, her admiration of the conqueror of Belgia was founded; *pure platonic friendſhip*. The abbé de St. F—re, half brother to the ill-fated Egalité, who lately died under the axe of the guillotine, has alſo long ſhared a diſtinguiſhed place in her affections; but the abbé's *greatneſs* was of a contrary nature; he was quite deficient in mental accompliſhments, but *gigantic* in ſtature, vigor-

* Vide, her Ladyſhip's pamphlet to which we have already alluded.

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ous in *corporeal exercises*, and thus, her attachment to these *illustrious personages* bore a different character; her regard for the latter being not *purely platonic*, as the following anecdote will *partly* demonstrate.

Soon after the first revolution in France, *curiosity* led her Ladyship to Paris, when being a person of very active, and rather of an *intriguing* mind, she interested herself so anxiously in the politics of the country, and was occasionally so unguarded in her conduct, that she attracted the attention of M. de la Fayette, who was then commandant of the national guard. At this time, she became acquainted with the Abbé, who now seems to have fixed his residence in our *highly favoured and happy kingdom*; *wisely* preferring the *mildness* of a British monarchy, as illustrated in the *just* and *merciful* sentences *executed* on Messrs. Muir, Skirving, Margarot, Palmer, &c. &c. to the anarchy of a people struggling against unheard of difficulties, and wading through scenes of blood, to establish the *stupid*, *inglorious* system of FREEDOM, EQUALITY, and PEACE.

After his *preliminary* introduction, the *reverend divine* was *my Lady's* constant guest;—

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the first person present at her levee, the last at her couchée, and the intimacy announced every prospect of *perfect happiness*; but vain and uncertain are all human plans of felicity, however wisely or prudently conceived.

Her Ladyship's political connections, as we have already observed, had exposed her to the suspicions of the commandant of Paris, who through an affected pretence of duty, at the dead hour of night, when almost every eye was closed, except such as *Love, almighty Love* kept watching, sent off one of his aiddecamps, followed by a party of the national guard, with positive orders to make the strictest search in the apartments of our *fair* ~~countrywoman~~ *Caledonian*. In consequence of this order, the doors were forced in an instant, leaving *my Lady* scarce time to make the smallest *necessary* arrangement. The aiddecamp entered, and discovered his trembling victim, we cannot say in *virgin* sheets, but in a superb Parisian bed, decorated with costly looking glasses, *dished neatly up*, so as to offer a voluptuous temptation to the most *squeamish* appetite. The son of Mars no ways agitated by the *delicious* spectacle before him, was only mindful of his order, which he bluntly communicated; and then, without further

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further ceremony, commenced his ſearch. It were impoſſible to deſcribe what paſſed in her Ladyſhip's boſom during this *critical* and *tremendous* interval: under ſuch *terror*, *conſcious innocence* could have alone ſupported her. Every hole, every corner was explored with moſt ſcrutinizing *malice*. Nothing that could juſtify the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of criminality could be found, but at length a *petit* cabinet contiguous to *my Lady's garde robe* was opened, when lo! appeared the poor *palpitating* Abbé, periſhing with cold, (for it was in the depth of winter), who preſented a *nudity* to the *aſtoniſhed* ſoldiers.

Here, however, the national gallantry of a Frenchman ſhone forth conſpicuous. The Aidecamp immediately ordered off his party, and apologizing to the affrighted female for the execution of his commiſſion, retired; leaving the l-v-rs to recover their ſpirits, and purſue their——*lucubrations* without further interruption*.

* The above *unlucky* incident may be depended on as matter of fact, as it was communicated to the author by the officer himſelf, who was employed on that unpleaſant duty.

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The above circumſtance exciting a conſiderable eclat in Paris, and it being particularly diſagreeable to be marked out as a ſubject of ſuſpicion, ſhe procured a paſſport, and once more reviſited our *proſperous** little iſland, where her conduct, with a few exceptions, to which the frailty of imperfect mortals is ſubject, yields ~~a model~~ an example well *worthy* of *female emulation*.

The *perfections* of Lady W-l-ce are indeed unlimited. ~~Her~~ ladyſhip yields *exquiſite delight, whenever ſhe takes any thing in hand.* In every ſpecies of literature ſhe *excels*, although

* The boaſted *proſperity* of England may be eaſily conceived from the following accurate calculation, on which the reader may depend. There are this very day (12th of February, 1794,) 27,000 priſoners confined for debt in his Majeſty's different gaols throughout this iſland; and in the year 1793, four million eight hundred thouſand pound ſterling was found an inadequate proviſion for our national poor, notwithſtanding the prodigious number of ſtarved objects to be ſeen in every part of this metropolis and its environs. If however, the country be really ſo proſperous, as we are forever told it is; does it not reflect everlaſting infamy on the higher orders of the nation, that the ſum of poverty exiſting therein ſhould exceed the utmoſt ſtretch of human credibility?

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not equally fortunate in all, "for envy will "merit as its ſhade purſue." But if there be any particular branch of it wherein ſhe diſplays more excellencies than in another, it is unanimouſly allowed to be ROMANCE. There ſhe baffles all emulation. In her dramatic compoſitions to be ſure, ſhe has been more unfortunate. Her *comedy* from which ſuch ſanguine expectations were raiſed, met with a moſt *tragic* end*. Notwithſtanding her own *perſonal* influence, her *juſt popularity*, and the extenſive intereſt of her moſt noble ſiſter†, the play was irrevocably and *unmercifully* damned. Great minds however, riſe above misfortunes, and the author undiſmayed by the *damnation* of her *favourite piece*, ſtill perſiſted to *cultivate*

* Mr. Sheridan's *wicked* critique on Mr. Cumberland's tragedy, the Battle of Haſtings, "that it had produced quite a contrary effect from what was intended, provoking laughter inſtead of tears," has by ſome *wicked* wits been in part applied to our author's comedy; inſinuating, "that inſtead of exhilerating, it lulled the audience to ſleep.

† The D-ch-ſs of G—d-n.

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her *extraordinary* literary talents. Nevertheleſs, letters do not wholly engroſs her *vaſt comprehenſive* genius.

Pleaſure and buſineſs of a worldly nature, at times break in on her literary occupations.

It is no leſs prudent than juſt, that *ladies* not in the moſt affluent circumſtances, ſhould ſtrive by all poſſible means to improve them*. Her Ladyſhip actuated by this laudable impulſe, laid out her *little* property in buying an annuity, which not being punctually paid, owing to the ſtate of adverſity into which the borrower and his family had fallen, patience was not proof againſt diſappointment.—Our *unfortunate* Author could ill ſupport the idea of being equally *unfortunate* in her pecuniary undertakings, ſhe therefore immediately entered up the judgment, and attended by a *catchpole*, ſet off for the debtor's apartments in order to ſeize the effects. The defendant's wife had not long been brought to bed, and

* L-dy W-ll-ce in *virtue* of her being ſiſter to the Ducheſs of G—d-n, enjoys a penſion of 300l. per ann. which this *happy* country is *happy* to pay as a very inadequate reward for thoſe *diſtinguiſhed family virtues* ſhe is known to inherit.

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the ſcene of diſtreſs which preſented itſelf, touched the Bailiff's *tender feelings*, and he wiſhed to ſhew indulgence, but *my lady* ~~ſeemed~~ ſeemed to yield; *her feelings* were not ſo eaſily affected. She *inſiſted* on more goods, attended in perſon, and peremptorily demanded diamonds and other articles of dreſs, which ſhe had formerly noticed, when her VICTIMS enjoyed proſperity.—The ſheriff's officer however, could not be prevailed on to proceed, and thus, the humanity of a Bailiff triumphed over the juſtice of a *fine lady*, the *ſiſter of a ducheſs*.—The conſequence of this affair has been a literary warfare between the parties, in which her Ladyſhip is ſaid to have been worſted; and a lawſuit is now depending between them. We are acquainted with the *juſtice* and *humanity* that preſide in Weſtminſter hall, therefore cannot doubt but this great female character will there find redreſs of her grievances, and a happy iſſue out of all her troubles.

LADY

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LADY LUCAN.

"Some perſons are born *great*; others atchieve *greatneſs*." Her Ladyſhip's *greatneſs* is all her own achievement.—To birth ſhe is little indebted. Daughter of a ſtocking weaver at Nottingham; her rank and dignity are derived from her *preſent lord*, who at the time of her nuptials, was only a *ſimple baronet*; but ſuperior merits like his, could not long eſcape the obſervation of a Sovereign, who *alone* has power to reward thoſe merits; and hence the baronet was ſoon ennobled by an Iriſh peerage, and my Lady *dubbed* a peereſs.

Nothing is ſaid to give a brighter poliſh to *Engliſh breeding*, than *foreign travel*, and ſo, this happy pair ſoon after their marriage, went abroad to make the GRAND TOUR. They viſited all the great cities, all the chief courts on the continent, and on their return, *my Lady* was the very quinteſſence of Ariſtocracy. The *ruſt* entirely wiped off. Her fibres are now ſo exquiſitely *ſpun*; her ſenſations ſo delicately acute, that the ſlighteſt accident terrifies

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terrifies her out of her *little wits*. She faints at the approach of a *mouſe*; if ſurpriſed by the ſight of a *black lobſter*, ſhe ſcreams *unmercifully*, and over the *fictions* of woe, ſhe will ſhed innumerable tears; while ſhe can behold with more than ſtoical compoſure, with frozen apathy, the deepeſt ſcenes of *real diſtreſs*. *My Lady* has another quality, certainly not very rare in her ſex, but which ſhe poſſeſſes in a ſuperlative degree—volubility of ſpeech; nevertheleſs, although her tongue be in eternal motion, it expreſſes very little. Her queſtions indeed are curious and often intricate, for ſhe will aſk, what it is impoſſible to anſwer.

No company can be more ſelect than that which her Ladyſhip ſelects at her *routs*, (the court phraſe runs otherwiſe,) her aſſemblies. No perſons are there admitted, except *the very beſt company*, and literary or theatrical characters of the firſt celebrity. In their favor, ſome exceptions are admitted. Mrs. Siddons was once thought worthy of this diſtinction, and *our noble phœnix of literature* tried her by the uſual ordeal. My Lady was anxious to know, whether in ſtudying her dramatic characters,

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racters, ſhe paid moſt attention to the *foundation* or the *ſuperſtructure* of them. The queſtion was embaraſſing, and the actreſs remained in ſuſpenſe—whether moſt to admire the ſingularity, or the profound erudition of her *learned patroneſs* who propoſed it.

In her ladyſhip's character we have ſtill another *rare virtue* to admire. No faſhionable infidelity is here to be traced. My lord is an *able, powerful* Man, of true *Hibernian breed*, he performs his duty, *comme il faut*, and his *noble rib* never yet betrayed a propenſity to change. Their conſtancy is rewarded.—Hymen has crowned their joys with a beautiful offspring, of her *own conception*; one of whom has united herſelf in marriage with a rich and Right Honourable Alarmiſt*, who agrees "that it would be better to concenter *all* the prerogatives and deſpotiſms of *all* the ſovereigns of Europe in the crown of Great Britain, than that a ſingle *bonnet rouge* ſhould be ſeen in the ſtreets of London." How happy muſt L-dy

* Earl S—nc-r. Mr. P-w-is, a lunatic member of parliament, in his L-dſ-p's intereſt, who repreſents the county of N-t—m, made uſe of the expreſſion we have quoted, in the Houſe of Commons.

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be in a ſon-in-law, inheriting ſuch congenial ſentiments, and who is *really* to be claſſed in the *higheſt* order of *nobleſſe*; a deſcription of men, her ladyſhip ſo extravagantly admires. But whence is it that theſe great landholders, theſe ſuſceptible *alarmiſts* are leſs apprehenſive of thoſe ill conſequences that may enſue from an increaſe of the r-y-l prerogative, than they appear to be from the miſchiefs that muſt reſult from the deſtruction of popular rights?

Are the principles of French Jacobins more obnoxious to freedom and humanity, than the ſanguinary ſyſtem of Thr-nes, which has for ſo *many*, *many* ages impoveriſhed Europe by taxes, and drowned it with blood? Can his lordſhip's *noble* heart be more feelingly alive to any *ideal* danger which he may *conceive* to threaten his Engliſh or his Iriſh acres, than it is, or ought to be, to thoſe *real* hoſtilities, which he now beholds, deſperately pointed againſt the few remaining liberties of his country? Are theſe the *whiggiſh* virtues we have been taught to revere? Are theſe the patriots, to whom England was to look up for ſalvation; who in the critical hour when the glorious work might be atchieved, have de-

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ſerted from the god-like cauſe, and joined the ſtandard of the common enemy;—the enemy of the human race*.

Her ladyſhip will pardon this ſhort digreſſion in *honour* of her Right *Honourable* ſon-in-law. We are ſenſible that her own manifold perfections yield abundant ſcope for a writer's panegyric, but as it tranſcends our powers to render unto her, that ſtrict juſtice which ſhe deſerves, we ſhall purſue the taſk no further. My lady finds a far brighter reward than our ſuffrage, in the *grateful offerings* of her amiable and noble conſort. The peer long as he has been in the ſervice, does not fail to *perform his duty*; and after ſo many revolving years paſſed over their venerable heads, they ſtill continue to hold forth a rare example (like the r-y-l pair) of conjugal felicity, to all the ariſtocratic corps. We ſhall therefore

* Mr. P-tt has been voted an enemy to the human race by the National Convention of France.—Time is to diſcloſe whether all the people of Europe will not concur in the decree. There is a priſoner in Newgate generally known as the *monſter*. The author is acquainted with a man, to whom the name would be ten thouſand times more appropriate.

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conclude, with expreſſing our zealous wiſh, as the moſt *exquiſite delight my Lady* is *now* capable of enjoying, that *my Lord* may ſpeedily be created a *Duke*, when *her Ladyſhip* will conſequently become a *Ducheſs*, and then, we truſt, ſhe will keep off the ſwiniſh multitude at a greater diſtance than ever, and hold in ſtill more ſovereign contempt, her own plebeian origin.———We humbly recommend this noble pair to his Majeſty's moſt gracious conſideration, as deſerving to be advanced to the higheſt rank of nobility.

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MRS. C-GHL-N.

WE have not the leaſt acquaintance with this lady, therefore are ignorant how far her *rank* intitles her to be admitted into that ſociety of Grandees, who compoſe the Female Jockey Club; but as literary merit in the opinion of Lady Lucan, our ſupreme arbiter of Etiquette, forms an exception to the general rule, and yields a right of admiſſion into the *grandeſt* circles, we have not heſitated to introduce her; and we will venture boldly to pronounce, if her ſoul *really* breath the ſentiments contained in the memoirs ſhe has publiſhed, that ſhe poſſeſſes TITLES, far ſuperior to any, which all the kings in the world have it in their power to beſtow; although at the ſame time, we are ready to confeſs, that it is not by promulgating ſimilar doctrines, ſhe is to expect that his Majeſty will ever make a LADY of her; nor do we believe, that they will procure her a paſſport to the favor and protection ſhe appears

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appears ſo very much to want. We therefore recommend patience under preſent *adverſity*, and ſincerely wiſh a ſpeedy period to all her afflictions.

VISCOUNTESS

VISCOUNTESS D- L-Y and W—D.

"Une belle femme, qui a les qualités d'un honnête
" homme, eſt ce qu'il y' a au monde d'un com-
" merce délicieux, l'on trouve en elle tout le mérite
" des deux ſexes." LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

VAGUE, indiſcriminate ſatire is odious in the extreme, and miſapplied in one inſtance, tends to deſtroy the effect, which it ought to produce in others, when juſtly and honeſtly directed.

Flattery we deteſt; but that heart muſt be of a malignant caſt indeed, which does not feel a gratification in yielding the tribute of praiſe, when conſcious that it is deſerved. In the pictures we have drawn, it has been our unvaried object to preſerve as perfect as poſſible, the likeneſs of the originals, and never to tranſgreſs the bounds of probability and truth; not afraid to cenſure, but far more happy to commend.

In the perſon now before us, whoſe amiable diſpoſition

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diſpoſition and exemplary virtues would force applauſe even from Zoilus himſelf, we preſent a model of imitation to her ſex. In her, we diſcover neither the pride, vanity, oſtentation, or apathy, ſo remarkable for the moſt part in thoſe of her condition and rank of life. Simple, unaffected, modeſt, charitable, the patroneſs of merit, the liberal friend, the conſtant ſuccour of poverty and misfortune.

United by marriage with a man who partakes in all her ſympathies, who poſſeſſes all her virtues, which ſhine the brighter from his endeavours to conceal them, ſhe nobly ſtrives both by advice and example, to animate his zeal, in the much injured and inſulted cauſe of humanity.

In poſſeſſion of a princely fortune, unlike his *compeers*, he betrays no anxiety to increaſe it, by preying on the exhauſted vitals of his country;—without place or penſion, deriving no emolument whatever from the crown, at the expence of a ſorely oppreſſed people; too independent to ſolicit favors, he ſtill uniformly ſupports our *heaven-born* miniſter's *miraculous* adminiſtration. When a man lends his ſanction to any erroneous and de-

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ſtructive ſyſtem, it is fair to inveſtigate his motives. The line of life purſued by this nobleman leaves no room to doubt the independence or integrity of his views; we muſt therefore in candour conclude, however glaring of unfortunate the error under which he labours, that he acts from principle. Nevertheleſs, the varied ſpectacles of human wretchedneſs, by which his country reſidence is ſurrounded, an ocular experience of the many thouſands in his neighbourhood*, who once enjoyed

* During the preſent winter, 1793—94, in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton, Lord and Lady D-dl-y contributed all in their power to repair thoſe deadly ravages which the Miniſter's war had made: by their bounty, above 1400 perſons, reduced from plenty to beggary, were provided conſtantly with food and raiment, who muſt otherwiſe inevitably have periſhed. This charity emanated from their own private fortune. We are ignorant of one ſimilar example to be found amongſt placemen, penſioners, and all the vermin of the court, who rob their country of prodigious ſums, while the majority of the people are plunged in bankruptcy and miſery; while the number of poor exceed all credibility, and while our priſons overflow with debtors and convicts.—Such however, are the *worthy patriots*, who, filling their purſes at the expence of the ſwiniſh multitude, *diſintereſtedly*

enjoyed the ſweets of plenty, and who are now groaning under the heavieſt preſſure of extreme poverty, all their reſources cut off, no reward or encouragement to induſtry left, their manufactories ruined, and their families ſtarved. Such horrors might be ſuppoſed to have awakened his lordſhip from his dream, and to have exaſperated him againſt that *heaven-born Miniſter*, now denounced by millions of his unhappy fellow creatures, as the *miniſter of wrath*, who by having precipitated the nation into the preſent deſperate and eventful war, has brought this ruin on, and reduced it to a condition that forebodes the actual diſſolution of the monarchy, ariſtocracy, and all the privileged orders which exiſt in the ſtate. But this error is by no means peculiar to Lord D-dl-y. The vaſt majority of opulent and noble landholders, the pampered bankers, the luxurious merchants, and all the moneyed intereſt in this country,

edly vociferate the unrivalled excellencies of our glorious conſtitution, which they always tell us, is the envy and admiration of the world. Indeed they muſt be right, for agreeably with the old proverb, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

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are infatuated by the ſame unaccountable bigotry.—Inſtead of bringing *him* to condign puniſhment for having brought their darling titles and adored property, their villas, parks, ſuperb hotels and magnificent caſtles into this ſtate of jeopardy, they loſe ſight of *his V—s*, and fix all their attention on the *downfal* of their *brethren* in France. Surrounded by danger real or imaginary, Man is apt in thoſe moments, to loſe all preſence of mind, and to judge through the falſeſt medium; elſe it would be perceived, that a wiſe or honeſt politician, guided by no ſiniſter influence, might have ſteered clear of the preſent eventful conteſt; inſtead of ſubſidizing all the powers of Europe, and rendering this country a *milch cow* to them all; by preſerving an unequivocal, ſtrict neutrality, or indeed by an open ingenuous conduct, the miniſter of Great Britain in the beginning, had it in his power to preſerve the general peace.—By his oblique, crooked, jeſuitical evaſions in the firſt inſtance, and by his ſubſequent violence and deſperation, he has ſhaken all the monarchies of Europe to their centre; and ſhould they (which *Heaven forefend*) be cruſhed in one wreck, all the

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the privileged orders, all ſettled church eſtabliſhments muſt fall with them: but all theſe horrors accumulated on the head of one man and his minions, ſeem to be forgotten, and the whole collected vengeance of the perſons we have deſcribed, turned from its true direction, is levelled in the moſt fruitleſs, deſtructive, and barbarous projects, againſt the exiſting powers of France. It will however be proved in the end, that they bite againſt a file.

To return from our digreſſion, the fair ſubject of this article, has extraordinary reaſons to curſe the authors of the war. A favourite brother*, under the command of our *Dunkirk Hero*; a gentleman whoſe principles were avowedly hoſtile to the cauſe, but whoſe prejudices bore too powerful ſway, and prevented him from giving in his reſignation, was ſent by his royal commander on a moſt dangerous and fatal expedition, and killed at the head of his grenadier company, fighting againſt the liberties of France; while his generous breaſt was at the ſame moment glowing with ardour and enthuſiaſm in prayers for their ſuc-

* Colonel B-ſv-lle.

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ceſs. Such is the ſtupid infatuation of military pride. A ſoldier is taught to believe that he is bound to undertake any ſervice at the direction of his commander, however repugnant to virtue, religion, or morality, or contrary to his opinions, and the pure dictates of his own conſcience.

The loſs of this amiable man, this victim to a cruel prejudice, has preſſed moſt heavily on a ſiſter's ſenſibility. Since his death, her uſual flow of ſpirits has entirely forſaken her; no longer does ſhe now grace that ſphere of conviviality, in which ſhe formerly ſhone the brighteſt ſtar; a ſullen melancholy has ſeized her. Diſeaſe preys upon her frame, and another valuable life may thus be added to the unnumbered regiſter of mortality.—The ways of Providence are dark and intricate; after leading us through the moſt dangerous labyrinths, often accompliſhing our felicity, at a moment when we had given up all for loſt, and conceived ourſelves on the brink of final deſtruction. Let us venture to hope that this valuable woman may not ſo early be raviſhed from a world that ſhe would fain improve by her example, and to which ſhe is

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ſo eminently uſeful by her charities. The loſs would be ſeverely felt by the public, from the ſcarcity of ſimilar characters, and the private loſs to her worthy huſband, who married her on the pureſt principles of affection, at the riſque of incurring the indignation of an ignorant and violent mother, bigotted to all the vile, ſelfiſh prejudices of ariſtocracy and wealth, on whom he had the greateſt dependence for the inheritance of a ſplendid fortune at her death, would be irretrieveable.

As he had the ſpirit to purſue the involuntary dictates of his heart, in preference to the miſerable ſordid impulſe of intereſt, may he long continue to enjoy the bleſſed fruits of an union, which has till now afforded uninterrupted happineſs, and may a ſpeedy and perfect recovery of her Ladyſhip's health ſoon diſſipate thoſe apprehenſions and anxieties that have of late, caſt a diſmal gloom over this reſpectable and humane family.

The affection which the author feels for L—d D-dl-y, is grounded in the indelible principles of fervent gratitude. He is happy in an opportunity of publickly avowing the obligations he has received at his hands;

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hands; and impreſſed with thoſe ſentiments, he can never ſufficiently lament that a man ſo diſtinguiſhed for his private virtues, ſhould perſiſt in his public capacity, to ſupport the government of a miniſter, who has apoſtatized from every principle on which he was elevated to power, and who from every appearance of things, ſeems as if he were born expreſsly to accompliſh the ruin of his country, or elſe, by the darkeſt ways, inviſible to himſelf, to produce its regeneration.

VISCOUNTESS

VISCOUNTESS H-MPD-N.

"The languid Lady next appears in ſtate,
"Who was not born to carry her own weight.
"O liſten with attention moſt profound!
"Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound;
"The motion of her lips and meaning eye,
"Piece out th' idea, her faint words deny.
"And help! oh help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
"One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head."

THE whole animal ſyſtem moſt certainly depends on the *brain*, therefore her Ladyſhip's exceſſive *imbecility* ought not to create ſurprize. For almoſt thirty years, ſhe has purſued without interruption the ſame round of languor, ennui, and inſipidity; and if a diary of her life had been preſerved during the above period, were ſhe capable of reflection or ſentiment, we might aſk her, if it diſplayed a ſingle inſtance, which ſhe could now bring forth, productive of ſatisfaction to herſelf, or that might be pronounced beneficial to the real intereſt or happineſs of ſociety? Cards and concerts, plays and operas, balls and aſſemblies, in the *old genuine ſtyle*, true characteriſtics

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iſtics of *Engliſh gaiety*, and of the national taſte for ſimilar *elegancies*, have been the magnet that has drawn all *my Lady's ſuſceptibilities* within one focus. But when we ſpeak of *ſuſceptibility*, no ſarcaſm or inuendo is deſigned, for it muſt be obſerved, that her *tender paſſions* are ſufficiently guarded againſt every foreign attack, by the *ſuperlative proweſs* of *my Lord*, who ſuffers no man to invade *his premiſes* with impunity; although muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt, and from the innumerable hoſt of fiddlers, *ſopranos*, and muſicians of all deſcriptions, that ſurround his dwelling, and who alone find an *hoſpitable* aſylum there, danger and *diſhonour* might be otherwiſe apprehended. The trumpet animates the courage of the warrior; the echoing horn calls forth the ſportſman to the field; and other *inſtruments* have been known to awaken livelieſt emotions in the moſt torpid female boſom; yet the noble Peer, independent of his own *powers*, has another ſecurity againſt ſimilar diſaſters. *His Lady*, like the *ſenſitive plant*, ſhrinks from the *touch*, and the near approach of a *maſculine monſter*, her *dear Lord* excepted, would ſhiver her delicate frame to atoms, beyond the

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efficacy of ſalvolatile, valerian, or the whole materia medica to reſtore. Indeed, it ſeems aſtoniſhing, how ſuch a hectic, conſumptive habit, as year after year ſhe has exhibited to a ruthleſs, unpitying herd of vain coxcombs and ſenſeleſs profligates, could have ſo long withſtood the putrid ſtench of crowded rooms, frequented by the motley corrupted groupe there to be found.

Nevertheleſs, her Ladyſhip (all her *friends* declare) is the *beſt ſort of woman in the world*, for ever ready to form *agreeable parties*, and although no perſon can preſume to ſay that ſhe is *gay* herſelf, yet the whole *beau monde* muſt allow, that ſhe eternally encourages *gaiety* in others. Dying under the *fatigue*, the pleaſant, *unvaried* amuſements of Ranelagh continue to afford *innocent* delight; nor to oblige *particular* friends, provided the *party* be really a *good one*, *comme il faut*, will ſhe deny her ſervices to a diſtreſſed damſel, or heſitate to expoſe her delicate conſtitution, as an *accommodating chaperon*, to the damps of Vauxhall; but theſe are ſacrifices not often repeated.

The card table, when muſic, *heavenly* muſic,

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is wanting, appears her ſovereign delight; and if the exertion of ſpirits there required, be almoſt too much for her ſtrength to ſupport, yet the charming hope of ſucceſs ſuſtains her under the *intolerable perſeverance* required at a pool of commerce, and be but fortune propitious, the fickle goddeſs, then *does* produce a *tranſitory* gleam of contentment, on the Peereſſes decayed and otherwiſe forbidding aſpect. What are the miracles that fortune cannot atchieve? She can make the old young, give beauty to deformity, and reflect the luſtre of virtue on the hideouſneſs of vice. Is it then to be wondered, that a *Britiſh lady of faſhion*, ſhould court the favors of ſuch a divinity?

It has been already announced, that *my Lord* H-mpd-n is a man of *proweſs*, of *might* and *vigour*; nevertheleſs, Hymen owing to ſome ſecret cauſe, has been unproductive; perhaps owing to *over-ſcrupulous refinements* on the part of *my Lady*; elſe, from ſuch a ſtock, what progeny might have been expected! The mother of the Gracchi would have been eclipſed, and young H-mpd-ns born in the eighteenth century, would have

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revived the ancient ſplendor of the name, and given additional renown to the glorious exploits of his Lordſhp's immortal anceſtor. But the H-mpd-n of the laſt century indulged democratic principles, quite uncongenial with thoſe of our modern H-mpd-n. The preſent nobleman, accuſtomed in his youth, to travel in foreign countries, where he formed his *reſpectable fidling* connections, has been ever ſince pointed out, as the *fiddle faddle* of the day, and hence, his character is as well adapted to the ſociety he frequents, as that of his anceſtor was, to the turbulent revolutionary age in which he lived. In this particular, it would be cruel to withhold praiſe from his Lordſhip, for ſurely, it is a mark of wiſdom to accommodate ourſelves to the *times*, and it would be as unreaſonable for us now in Britain, to expect the qualities of a Pym or a H-mpd-n in a modern *Peer*, as it would be abſurd, to look for the *rugged*, *obſolete* virtues of a Portia or Cornelia, in our noble Peereſs.

In fact, nothing can be more oppoſite than ſuch characters. On which ſide the ſcale of virtue inclines, the reader may decide; for our part, we will draw no compariſon between

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a *Roman matron* and a *Britiſh wife*, nor will we raiſe emotions of contempt and deriſion by further naming the paraſite of a court, the eternal aſſociate of fiddlers, with the intrepid foes of prerogative, the ſacred martyrs of freedom, and the rights of man!

Gracious accomodation, uniform complacency, tacit acquieſcence in courtly doctrines, and a violent antipathy to every thing which has a tendency to call in queſtion the policy or juſtice of excluſive privileges, or to increaſe the rights and happineſs of the people, are the true characteriſtics of our modern nobility, and on this ground, L—d and L-dy H-mpd-n ſtand immoveable, yielding to none. Here, the Peereſs forgets her ſickneſs and infirmities, lays aſide her conſtitutional languor, and ſupports the cauſe, *if poſſible, with more ſpirit, than either virtue or ability.*

Party once opened a field to the Peer's *generous, diſintereſted* expectations, and during Mr. Fox's adminiſtrations, his Lordſhip's eloquent delivery and graceful deportment, pointed him out to that *diſcerning ſtateſman*, as a perſon duly qualified to move for a *grateful* addreſs to his Majeſty, on the meeting of Parliament;

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ament; but the difficulty of learning his ſpeech *by heart*, proved an inſuperable barrier to his ambition; therefore, the *honour* was transferred to another *nobleman*, who enjoyed a *happier* and more retentive memory. When politics begun to wear the ſerious aſpect, they have ſince aſſumed, the Peer deſerted from the banner of his leader; his paſſions were then rouzed, conceiving his *intereſt* to be endangered, and the Viſcounteſs actuated by the ſame *virtuous* ſympathies, with all the ſpirit ſhe could muſter up, fanned the flame.

As a *patroneſs* of *muſical ſcience*, a veteran Directreſs of the TON, and as a lady remarkable for her ariſtocratic predilections, juſtice has been rendered to her deſerts: candour muſt alſo allow an *extraordinary* degree of merit to one, againſt whoſe *chaſtity*, even in this licentious age, ſcandal has not ventured to inſinuate the ſlighteſt reflection. Her nervous fabrick would have been ſhaken to its very centre, at the *rude unhallowed* ſound of *amorous* propoſition, from any but her much loved Lord, whoſe *warm* conſtitution, it may be ſuppoſed, often led him to the CHARGE, and the *generous ardour ſtill continues* to glow

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in his veins, if we may judge from the diligence, which on the bittereſt day in winter, we have ſeen him employ at his *hoſpitable* manſion in G—ge-ſtreet, raking out the coals, when the footman, calculating his maſter's *feelings* by his own, had too much loaded the fire, thereby *cooling* and *refreſhing* himſelf; at the ſame time, that he *ſtarved* the reſt of the company, chiefly conſiſting of poor foreign muſicians, not inured to our cold northern clime, who ſat freezing at a diſtance, wrapt up in *admiring* and *awful* ſilence.

Some perſons have imputed theſe *minutiæ* to a *laudable ſpirit of oeconomy*, but from my L—d's *ſanguine, pletoric* appearance, we hold the reaſon before mentioned, far more probable.

Another praiſe belonging to our Right Honourable dame, muſt not be omitted. Too delicately framed to endure the boiſterous roughneſs of a *genuine Briton*, no ſuch viſitor is admitted within her doors: but when a youth returns from travel, a poliſhed *dilletanti*, a muſical *cognoſcenti*, her Ladyſhip by infuſing a few grains of her *native* languor and ennui, yields an admirable *finiſh* to his education.

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tion. The moſt noble the D-ke of M--t--ſe, and his *highly reſpected* friend Mr. Daniel H—les*, who after having long run the gauntlet of *purgatory* in this metropolis, eſcaped from bailiffs, attorneys, and the innumerable tremendous hoſt of legal tyrants, through his Grace's influence, now ſhines the brighteſt ornament of diplomatic ſcience, *deep* in the ſecrets and cabals of courts—Theſe determined, *diſintereſted, independent* champions of ariſtocratic privileges, of r-y-l prerogative, on their return from Italy, received the *finiſh* to their education, under her Ladyſhip's tuition; and hence, we are leſs ſurpriſed at the *diſtinguiſhed* eclat with which they now both ſhine at the reſpective courts, where *providence* has *wiſely* caſt them, for the *benefit* and *example* of mankind.

When we contemplate the perſons who enjoy the greateſt ſhare of Prince's favors, and who are moſt intruſted with their confidence, at the ſame time that we admire the wiſdom and diſcernment of the latter, we are *juſtified* in a belief, that the ſyſtem which they

* His Britannic Majeſty's envoy at the court of W-f-w.

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ſo zealouſly maintain, *can never die*;—at leaſt to uſe an *immortal* phraſe,—"*that it will ſurvive theſe thouſand years*;" what ſignify the blunt opinions, the unwarped integrity, or perſpicuous orations of a Stanhope? Miniſters and courtiers will not deign to *anſwer* him; they adopt a far *eaſier* and more *agreeable* method;—they hold him forth as a *Madman*; and when he defeats them with their own weapons, proving their *darling* conſtitution, for which they affect ſuch veneration and enthuſiaſm, eternally violated by themſelves, they get rid of his argument, by a ſycophant ſneer of deriſion, and the true patriot has the ſatisfaction to be left in the moſt reſpectable minority we recollect to have ever divided in the houſe of Peers; the diviſion conſiſting of HIMSELF ALONE*. But when

* When Lord Stanhope brought forth a propoſition reſpecting the ſentences paſſed againſt Muir, Palmer, &c. &c. the *virtuous* oppoſition, jealous of a man's interference who was no PARTIZAN, abandoned the cauſe they were pledged to ſupport, and did not vote on the queſtion. The unhappy men, on this very day, March 8th, lie on board a veſſel, in order to be tranſported to Botany Bay; but a dead ſilence ſtill prevails amongſt their Lordſhips.

a maſter

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a noble placeman, a D-ke of M—t—ſe riſes to deliver his *free, unbiaſſed** ſentiments, when in ſtudied, poliſhed periods, he conjures their Lordſhips to approve the mild, legal, conſtitutional puniſhments lately inflicted by the Court of Juſticiary in his dear native country, on the Patriot martyrs to Mr. Pitt's ſyſtem of *pure* repreſentation;—when warmly approving the introduction of foreign troops into Britain, without the ſanction of parliament, he *conſiſtently* maintains the *ſacred inviolability* of our conſtitution, and imprecates all human and divine vengeance againſt the impious wretches, who would *innovate* or reform it; then, the Houſe is wrapt in mute and awful attention, till his ſpeech concluded, there burſts forth a thunder of applauſe, and the *Iopæans* of the ſenate, purſue our *moſt noble orator* to his ſeat.

What delight muſt L-dy H-mpd-n feel,

* It is almoſt needleſs to mention, that amongſt many other *good* things which his Grace holds under the crown, he is alſo Maſter of the Horſe; a moſt *honourable*, lucrative and *uſeful* appointment, exactly ſuited to his *taſte*, yielding great profit, and requiring no trouble.

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if her languid boſom were ſuſceptible of ſtrong impreſſions, when ſhe reflects on the *tranſcendant virtue and dignity* of this her *auguſt elêve*, when ſhe beholds him *vis â vis* his r-y-l maſter, in the ſtate coach; and how muſt her loyal boſom have been agitated, when ſhe heard of *the wicked ſtone* levelled with democratic rage, by the *unannointed* hand of a *vile ſanſculottes*, that broke a glaſs of the magnificent *car*, and threatened a fracture on the r-y-l ſcull, as he of late returned from the triumphal entry which he made, *under moſt auſpicious omens*, to the grand ſenate of the nation!

Let us join our prayers to thoſe of her Ladyſhip, that no ſimilar attempt may ever again endanger the life of a ſovereign, who has wrought ſuch *bleſſed miracles*, for the proſperity of his country; who watches with more jealouſy, if not with equal vigilance, the LIBERTY of his *ſubjects*, than he would courageouſly reſiſt, (if the loyalty of his liege P—l—m—t did not exempt him from all chance of being put to the proof), any encroachment on his own *juſt* and *limited* prerogative. May his Prieſts and his nobles, his

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venerable law counſellors, the *truſty, faithful friends* and *guardians* of the conſtitution, be ſpeedily and happily relieved from their terrors!

Things, (they tell us), cannot be better, "pourquoi changer?" Why ſhould they who feel they cannot be worſe, have a voice on the ſubject? Surely, we who enjoy every thing, muſt be more infallible judges, than they who poſſeſs nothing, and it is perfectly humane and equitable, that the wretches who complain or remonſtrate againſt this partial diſtribution, ſhould meet condign puniſhment. They who have got the power, have an undoubted right to keep it; nor can the bittereſt diſtreſs, the moſt urgent, irreſiſtible wants of poverty or misfortune, in their fellow creatures, authorize the *inſolent* tone of remonſtrance or complaint. A noble-minded Peer*, poſſeſſing

* Earl F-tzw-ll-m is in poſſeſſion of three moſt magnificent palaces, Wentworth caſtle, Yorkſhire; Milton abby, Northamptonſhire; and Rockingham houſe, Groſvenor ſquare, London; a ſpecies of monopoly that may vie with any thing we read of in thoſe ages, when the feudal ſyſtem flouriſhed in primœval vigour. This noble alarmiſt ſo *diſintereſtedly in love* with our preſent *hap-*

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poſſeſſing 60,000l. a year, with his viſtas, his parks, his palaces, and all the ſuperfluities which this world can yield, is perfectly conſiſtent, when he boaſts the excellence of a ſyſtem, which affords all thoſe enjoyments to his *noble ſelf*; while thouſands and twenty thouſands of his countrymen have not bread to eat, or a hovel to ſhelter them from the cold. Who then can diſpute the impartial judgment of one ſo competent to decide, or refuſe on his ſummons, to rally round the conſtitution, which he and his Right Honourable colleagues forever tell us, is the envy and admiration of the world.

Who can deny the *juſtice*, *right*, or at leaſt, the *policy* of trepanning ſoldiers, of preſſing ſeamen to endure all the horrors of war for us, in a cauſe wherein they have no intereſt, or rather in a cauſe evidently againſt their intereſt; while we ourſelves remain at home, revelling in luxuries, and riot, and for every diſaſter that befalls them, ſeem only more anxious to increaſe the ſum of their calamity, and to

py and *glorious* conſtitution, gave *two hundred pounds* to the French refugee prieſts: it does not appear that he ſubſcribed *ſix-pence* for the ſtarved weavers in Spital-fields

ſwell

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ſwell the liſt of murders, while we thereby foreſee a chance of ſecuring our own places, penſions, and hereditary feudalities?

Such undoubtedly, are the prevailing ſentiments of their *ſuperiors* in reſpect to the *ſubordinate* claſſes. Such the practice. We only ſtate the FACT: how fair and honourable ſuch mode of reaſoning and of acting may be, we undertake not to determine, but leave it altogether to the reader's cool and impartial deciſion, who may pronounce on the caſe, with more *ſafety*, than we can poſſibly do.—It is quite natural to praiſe the bridge that carries us ſafe over, but on the other hand, it is as natural to find fault with that which has broken in, and from the wreck of which, we have only eſcaped in a mutilated wretched ſtate, that makes life not worthy of poſſeſſion.

We aſk pardon for this digreſſion, in favor of our *ariſtocratic* FRIENDS, and depend on indulgence, it being not wholly irrelevant from the *fair* ſubject of the preſent article, who is herſelf a moſt brilliant ornament of the Patrician corps, and who has a ſovereign averſion for every thing, which SMELLS of the *odious, ſwiniſh multitude.*

It

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It is now time for us to bid adieu to her Ladyſhip, wiſhing ſincerely a reſtoration of her health, an everlaſting continuance of *her Lord's* affections; and that ſhe may never ſuffer her conſtitutional languor, to interrupt the laudable pains, which ſhe has hitherto beſtowed, in cultivating, or more properly ſpeaking, in finiſhing the *improvements* of our young national *nobleſſe*, on their return from *foreign parts*.

LADY

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LADY EL-Z-B-TH L-TTR-L.

THE virtues of the L-ttr-l family are proverbial through Great Britain and Ireland, and are moſt juſtly intitled to the ſuperior honours and rewards which they have received. Her Ladyſhip's father was *born* plain S-m-on L-ttr-l; but it would have been hard and *ſingular* indeed, if the extraordinary *purity* of his morals, and the *uniform excellence* of his general character had paſſed unnoticed, or if they had not advanced him to the *merited* and *appropriate* dignity of a peerage. Hence, he was firſt *created*—a *Baron*: *Baron* I-nh-m, and not long afterwards, by our moſt gracious Sovereign, *ever true to merit*, *dubbed* an *Earl*; Earl of C-rh-mpt-n, which *far famed* title, is now enjoyed by his eldeſt ſon and heir, (the once celebrated Colonel L-ttr-l,) who inherits likewiſe all the *noble qualities* of his ever beloved and lamented father.

The reader need not be told, that Lady El-z-b-th L-ttr-l is *own* ſiſter to a Princeſs of

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of the BLOOD, widow to an illuſtrious Prince*, who will long be remembered by every TRUE BRITON, for his *wiſdom*, eccentricity, and all other *royal accompliſhments*; and whoſe *equal, out of his own family*, we verily believe, he has not left behind him in his Majeſty's dominions. By this marriage, ſhe is likewiſe alſo ſiſter to our *pious* Monarch, to whom all his *Chriſtian* ſubjects owe an eternal obligation for his truly *Chriſtian* endeavours, to preſerve their *ſouls*, at the expence of their *half ſtarved bodies*, by the frequent *gratuitous* proclamation of faſts and penances, in expiation of their manifold ſins.

It can never be ſufficiently regretted, that an union ſo *happily* aſſorted, cemented by the *pureſt* ſentiments of *reciprocal affection*, without the leaſt regard to *pride, vanity, intereſt*, or *ambition on either ſide*; it cannot, I ſay, be enough deplored, that an union which announced ſuch proſperous omens, ſhould have turned out *barren*; for in the true legitimate offspring of a L-ttr-l and a G——, what *tranſcendant talents*, what *miraculous virtues* might not reaſonably be expected; but, alas! Hymen denied to *fructify* their joys.

* The late D—e of C—b—l-nd.

Hymen

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The *munificence* and *boundleſs hoſpitality* of the late D—e of C—b—l-nd brought on pecuniary embaraſſments, which reduced him to the neceſſity, together with his *royal rib*, of paſſing much of their time in foreign countries, and Lady El-z-b-th always travelled with them, under every poſſible recommendation of rank and *character*, as ſiſter to the Count and Counteſs of D-bl-n, the feigned title, under which, agreeably with the *ſacred* rules of etiquette, they were received abroad. The Ducheſs herſelf was *obliged* to *preſerve* the dignity of her exalted ſtation, but ſhe moſt *condeſcendingly* allowed her ſiſter to relax from *her* dignity, and to partake promiſcuouſly in the *different* amuſements of the *different* towns and countries, where they fixed their abode. In the rooms of Spa, her Ladyſhip was the *life* and *ſoul* of the place; the very *quinteſſence* of *Engliſh gaiety, poliſhed manners*, and *elegant diſſipation*. Morning and evening, her ſpirits were inexhauſtible; the firſt, to attend the faro bank on its opening; the laſt, to leave it on its ſetting. With the *Bankers* and *Croupiers* ſhew as a *diſtinguiſhed* favourite, contriving by the laudable punctuality obſerved

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in her payments, to maintain a moſt excellent credit amongſt them, of which, ſhe often generouſly availed herſelf, in behalf of her *princely* brother-in-law, when in conſequence of a *bad run*, both his purſe and his credit have been unfortunately exhauſted.

Although partial to *faro*, and not averſe to *rouge* and *noir**, ſhe is equally *dexterous at other games*. In all *manual* performances, envy muſt allow her to be a *ſkilful adept*, not excelled by *Miſſes* P-g-t, W-ſt, Jeff-ies, or any of our moſt experienced female *operators*; and for the *noble*, *manly* grace, with which ſhe rattles a dice box, *my Lady* is not ſurpaſſed, even by the Colonel himſelf†.

It muſt excite ſurpriſe, that a perſon ſo fortunate in her connections, ſo remarkable for her various and *commanding* talents, admired as ſhe has been on the Continent, *juſtly popular* as ſhe is in her own country, ſhould

* Another faſhionable game much played at Spa, and lately introduced into the faſhionable aſſemblies in London.

† Colonel F-tzp-t-ck, a veteran, and moſt *determined* hazard player.

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ſtill remain in a ſtate of celibacy; for her Ladyſhip, although now verging on fifty, has loſt but little of her *original beauty*.

It would be a libel on her ſenſibility to ſuppoſe, at the period of maturity which ſhe has attained, that ſhe never indulged herſelf for the privation of a *huſband*, in the gratification of a *lover*. The paſſion of gaming, to be ſure, ſometimes keeps within due bounds, all other obtruding deſires; but it is ſeldom able to gain an aſcendant over the fiercer and more ardent paſſions of the ſoul.

Love, almighty love, when once it rages in a female boſom, can only be *tamed* by fruition; not that we mean either to flatter or to derogate from Lady El-z-b-th's *tender feelings*, who for any thing that falls within our *perſonal* knowledge, may vie in *chaſtity* with Lucretia herſelf. It muſt however, in candour be granted, amongſt the higher circles to which her preſence is in a manner excluſively confined, that *chaſtity* is not the characteriſtic, by which they are diſtinguiſhed, and few perſons are proof againſt the ſeduction of a *pleaſing* example. Now indeed, ſhe is *forced* to keep up a degree of ſuperior import-

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ance, adapted to her rank, that can admit of no *ignoble*, plebeian ſuitors; but we remember, before ſhe was ennobled by titles, or related to Kings, when *honeſt* Betſy L-ttr-l, that no one was a more bitter enemy to all prudery, and *ſqueamiſh* affectation; free and eaſy in her demeanour, and avowedly *partial* to thoſe *agrémens*, which ſhe kindly diſcovered in our ſex, —Poor Tom H-dg-s, Colonel W-tſ-n, *cum multis aliis*, long baſked in the ſunſhine of her ſmiles; whether of a *tender* or *platonic* nature, that remains engraven as a *ſecret* on the tablets of her own memory.

There is a very old and trite, but a very apt ſaying, "that it is good to make hay while "the ſun ſhines." Much philoſophy is certainly contained in this obſervation, and from the *excellent parts* which our *Right Honourable* Lady is ſaid to poſſeſs, it were indulging credulity rather too far, to imagine, that ſhe altogether neglected to turn them to good account, or to enjoy thoſe exquiſite delights, of which youth is the delicious ſeaſon. When the ſun declines towards the horizon, its influence is on the wane; ſo when beauty has paſſed its meridian, adorers fall off; it is therefore *prudent*,

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dent, more eſpecially, when the object poſſeſſes no eminent ſhare of beauty, to profit by the advice contained in the adage, "to make "hay while the ſun ſhines."

Policy requires that we ſhould pay ſome reſpect to the current ſentiments of the times; and I believe our fair readers will in general find the above doctrine perfectly agreeable with their own practice; nor at leaſt, in the preſent inſtance, will they condemn us for want of *politeneſs* in oppoſing their opinions.

It has been already obſerved in the courſe of this volume, that our manners and notions are progreſſive with our years; conſtantly in a ſtate of *revolution*; parties at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, where the anticipated return at night in *the dark* with an admired Beau, in coach or vis à vis, keeps the ſuſceptible female boſom on firſt entrance into the gay world, in a continual flutter; alternately wavering between fear and hope, while diſappointment and ſucceſs, equally agitate her whole frame. But when the charm of novelty is fled; when the ardour of youth is chilled by the freezing hand of Time; when admirers keep aloof, and vanity lacks her incenſe, then, neceſſity points out other ſuccedaneums; nevertheleſs

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nevertheleſs, a mind long habituated to tumult and diſſipation, cannot forego thoſe diſtracted ſcenes, or find delight in the tranquil enjoyments of contemplation and retirement. *Perſons of faſhion*, in every ſtage of exiſtence, muſt have their *faſhionable* amuſements, and gaming is too often the only ſubſtitute they diſcover, to ſupply the place of all the more amiable and ſofter paſſions, which languiſh and die, through the *ungrateful* neglect of our ſex, that refuſes any longer to fan their flame.

Courts are a *delightful* receptacle for old age; it is therefore unfortunate for herſelf, that Lady El-z-b-th's affectionate attachment to her *royal* ſiſter, whom the ſevere etiquette of Buckingham houſe and St. James's ſhuts out from the *preſence*, ſhould prevent her Ladyſhip from enjoying the happy aſylum, which ſhe would otherwiſe find under the roof of Majeſty. Hence, diſappointment may have driven her to adopt leſs eligible reſources, in order to kill that time, which without learning, ſcience, taſte, or philoſophy, is apt to drag heavily along. C-mb-l-nd houſe too is ſhut up, and the faro bank, over which Lady El-z-b-th was wont to preſide, either

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ther entirely annihilated, or removed to a more obſcure corner of the town, where perſons of her *elevated* condition cannot often appear with *conſiſtency* or *propriety*. We have heard that ſhe now receives *ſelect* viſitors in her private apartments, and that all poſſible means in her power, are employed to make herſelf agreeable, eſpecially to her *favourites*, for whoſe happineſs ſhe ſtrives to forget her age, and to act again, the joys of voluptuous youth.

Madam de l'Enclos, when far more advanced in years than our heroine, ſtill retained her charm of pleaſing, and at the age of eighty, had her toilette crowded by young admirers; ſome of whom, we are told by her biographer, were paſſionately in love with her. Amongſt others, a certain Abbé, in the bloom of life, moſt violently ſmitten by her attractions, ardently requeſted that ſhe would yield to his deſires, to which Ninon would not conſent, till the end of a certain period which ſhe accordingly fixed. He ſubmitted to her decree, and waited with impatience till the time was expired, when he threw himſelf at her feet, and conjured her in the name of love, to keep the promiſe ſhe had made. The abbé did not long

ſolicit

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ſolicit in vain; when tranſported with his good fortune, he conjured her to ſay, why ſhe had ſuffered him to languiſh ſo long; to which his beloved replied, "Alas, my dear Abbé, my tenderneſs ſuffered as much as yours, but is was the effect of a ſpark of vanity. I was deſirous, for the novelty of the caſe, to wait till I had completed my eightieth year, which I did laſt night."

Here, the ſex have an admirable leſſon for their conduct, when youth is paſſed, and beauty decayed. It was not ſo much on account of her perſonal charms, as on her mental perfections, that Madame de l'Enclos ſo long maintained her empire over mankind. She is ſaid to have poſſeſſed a moſt charming wit, and the felicity of a truly amiable diſpoſition. Without being a paragon of beauty, ſhe commanded all the reſpect that is generally paid to it. The ſweetneſs and equality of her temper, a probity ſincere and natural, a reſolute ſoul, and a heart as tender as it was faithful, procured her admirers, even to the laſt day of her life.

Alas! ~~modern Belles~~ Britannia's Daughters poſſeſs none of the qualities of a Ninon; our *antiquated* dames are formed

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formed of a far groſſer clay; therefore it muſt not be expected that Lady El-z-b-th's latter days will be equally eaſy, pleaſant, and honourable with thoſe of Madame de l'Enclos. But if ſhe wiſhes to avoid neglect and contempt, that her decline may be in ſome degree comfortable, it becomes her to baniſh pride and ſelfiſhneſs from her heart, and to ſtrive to cultivate and embelliſh her *mind*, in proportion as her perſon becomes more odious and diſguſting. There are few *Ninons*; but it is poſſible with care, to avoid degenerating into a *Gertrude**. We fear, however, that it is rather too late in the day, to hope for *reformation*. At the age of fifty, the character is generally fixed for the remainder of life.

* The D-ch-ſs of B-df—d.

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COUNTESS ———

" Our Matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
" Men ſigh in vain for none, but for their wives;
" Who marry to be free, to range the more,
" And wed one man, to——— with a ſcore."

TO plant horns on the front of a Peer, is deemed a *breach* of privilege both in England and Ireland, and provided the *baſe ſeducer* were a *plebeian*, would expoſe him to the danger of being brought on his knees to their Lordſhip's bar. Nevertheleſs, paſſion is not to be controuled by a dread of puniſhment, nor to be reſtrained by the terror of conſequences; and hence, there exiſt ſuch *phenomena* in nature, as CORNUTED LORDS. Perhaps, in expatiating the wide field of humanity, we ſhould diſcover amongſt the *privileged orders*, more *excreſcencies* of this kind, than in any other walk of life. It has never been held the virtue of nobility to cultivate domeſtic happineſs; their minds are devoted to far more ſublime purſuits. The ſober drudgery of matrimonial employments

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employments muſt be intolerable to a man or woman of faſhion, educated in the true, genuine principles of ariſtocracy. To confine ſenſibility to one *thing*, and that *thing* a huſband, would very ill become a woman of ſpirit, ſprung from an *ennobled* and moſt *loyal* family. The Counteſſes *papa* is himſelf a mirror, through which we behold every *perfection*; an epitomé and abſtract chronicle of all that is *characteriſtic*, *elegant*, *hoſpitable*, and *grand* in the higher regions of the faſhionable world. To his *honor* be it ſpoken; as he advances in years, he recedes from *prejudice*, and utterly diſdains that reſpect for vulgar opinion, which ſtill bears ſome degree of ſway, amongſt the people at large.

The annual ball given by his Lordſhip at his ſuperb hotel in Portland place, is acknowledged by all the *ladies* who have ever been favoured with a ticket of admiſſion, to be the moſt ſplendid fête:—a *gala*, which, for the *choice* ſelection of the company, and for the *ſumptuous*, profuſe *hoſpitality* of the noble hoſt, deſerves almoſt to be compared with thoſe, which are celebrated twice a year, at the palace of St. James', in honour of their Majeſty's

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birth days;—*equally choice* in admiſſion of gueſts, may very properly be ſaid;—the one being open *only* to *ladies* of *public virtue*;—the other excluding thoſe *ladies*, and open *only* to others more reſerved in their deportment, more dignified by their birth, and whoſe *virtues* are of a more private and ſecret nature*.

Lady T——— is no leſs celebrated for *popular* qualities, than her *venerable* and *highly honoured parent*; and indeed, it would be ſurpriſing, if ſhe had not profited from the edu-

* Lord D——l gives an annual ball and ſupper [redacted] from which all decency and modeſty are baniſhed; none but notorious proſtitutes of the firſt celebrity, ſelected from the public and private brothels of *St. Mary-le-bone*, being admitted to the *honours* of the *fete*. His Lordſhip himſelf, aſſiſted by a favourite Dulcinea, more immediately under his protection, preſides over the entertainment, and *keeps it up* with all the ſpirit and vigour of youth, till eight or nine o'clock in the morning. It muſt be obſerved, to his *immortal honor*, that this *amiable* nobleman has paſſed his ſeventieth year; and in additional praiſe of our moſt gracious Sovereign, it ought to be remembered, that L—d D——l is another Peer of his Majeſty's *own* creation: ſo *wiſely*, ſo *morally* does he diſcriminate in chuſing *proper* and *meritorious* objects, on whom to confer his titles of *nobleſſe*.

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cation she received in her youth, under his immediate and constant direction; and from the lessons she afterwards received in her riper years from a r-y-l tutor*, every way qualified to improve her in the rudiments of *moral virtue*, and *conjugal fidelity*.

It has been urged however by some enthusiasts of Royalty, that her Ladyship resisted all the precepts of her noble father, and that in the beginning of her career, she seemed more inclined to the dull monotony of a rural retirement, than to the brilliant scenes and splendid gaiety of an elegant, voluptuous city. Be that as it may, such rare, although latent accomplishments, were not suffered to remain in obscurity; they were certainly first awakened into action by the *forcible lessons* and *vigorous exertions* of a p—ce of the blood*, and from the commencement of her *friendship* with that *thrice renowned warrior*; *that ardent, irresistible L-v-r*, may be dated the *glorious conquest* she atchieved over the innumerable host of contending rivals. We cannot therefore in strict justice, assign the *superiority* of

* His R-y-l H-n-ss the D—e of Y—k.

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this *great* female character, altogether to her own *innate* worth. She muſt be content to divide the *praiſe* with him, who *tenderly* beſtowed ſuch uncommon pains both on her *mind* and *body*. To him ſhe is indebted for thoſe *eaſy* manners; that free, but HIGHLY POLISHED converſation, (*never interlarded with obſcene* or profane expreſſions, much too common with the generality of her ſex), which indicate the peculiar delicacy of a *feminine mind*; and to him, ſhe is no leſs indebted for thoſe frank, liberal ſentiments, that ſhe manifeſts by the truly diſintereſted, *public-ſpirited* ſacrifice, which ſhe never refuſes to make of her *body*, whenever the *happineſs* of a FRIEND requires it.

It has been ſaid, "that Cæſar's wife ſhould not be *ſuſpected*," and the Peer ſeems to agree with this maxim. His noble mind, by means of *practical* experience*, long inured to thoſe diſaſters

* Twice married, no man was ever better trained to the yoke of wedlock than L—d T——l; naturally of a gloomy, ſaturnine diſpoſition, during the former *marriage*, his temper frequently burſt out in violent fits of jealouſy, which were expreſſed ſo furiouſly, as to alarm

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diſaſters which *will* happen in married families, ſoars above *ſuſpicion*. "It is not, (he tells us), to make *him jealous*, to ſay his wife is fair;—that ſhe loves GOOD company, plays, ſings, and dances well; nor from his own *weak* merits, will *he* draw the ſmalleſt doubt or fear of a revolt, for ſhe had eyes and chooſe *him**,"—that is to ſay, his *title*, which by our *ſuperiors*, is held of far more importance, than the MAN HIMSELF. The character of a huſband, either for talents or morals, is a very ſecondary conſideration. Amongſt the *great*, *money* and

alarm his *ſpouſe*, for her perſonal ſafety;—ſhe therefore, after innumerable *rehearſals* of theſe ſcenes, judged proper to *elope*, and the elopement was followed up by a divorce, which ennabled him to marry again. Conſcious of ſuperior proweſs in all the pleaſing *arts* and *duties* required of a huſband, he again boldly ruſhed forward to the temple of Hymen, the reſult of which ſecond nuptials, is perfectly well known in all the faſhionable circles. *Joy and happineſs crown their union*, "*all their ways are pleaſantneſs.—and all their paths are peace.* But if diſcord or jealouſy *did* diſturb their quiet, alas! there exiſts no remedy, to the evil; for, according to the ſacred laws of the church, it is ordained, that no perſons ſhall be twice divorced; ſo that death alone can unloſe the knot.

* Shakeſpeare.

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rank are the *virtuous* bonds, by which the marriage contract is cemented.

In the preſent couple, we have an exact picture of modern manners, and from their conſtant appearance together, at all public places, ſurrounded by a crowd of *inſinuating*, ſweet-ſcented *muſcadins*, attached to her Ladyſhip's ſuite, the frequenters of our theatres have an excellent opportunity of forming an accurate judgment reſpecting the *divine joys* of matrimony in the elevated circles of ariſtocracy, and of thoſe *tranquil endearments*, which may be ſuppoſed to attend their ſecluded hours of domeſtic ſolitude. The example ought to convey profitable inſtruction, were the people in habits of cloſe obſervation. We therefore truſt that her Ladyſhip will not ſoon relax in the zeal ſhe has hitherto ſhewn *pro bono publico*; and above all, we hope the rumour abroad is not true, that ſhe refuſes to her L—d, the lawful privileges of a *loving* huſband.

We had almoſt forgotten to remark that Lady T—— is ſiſter-in-law to the *noted* Colonel F-t-n C-wr-ne; a *gentleman* whoſe amiable verſality, and political exertions have lately attracted the notice of his r-y-l maſter, *by whom he has*

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been graciously appointed to the command of a battalion in the Middlesex militia, and who it is *shrewdly* suspected, has an Irish peerage in embryo for him. It rejoices us whenever we have an opportunity of recording the just rewards conferred on merit. The eloquence which Mr. C-wt-ne of late displayed in the senate, raises his reputation as an *orator*, far beyond that of Colonel T-lt-n, or even of Lord M-lg-ve himself:—the talents that reflected eternal honour on his heart, when he so ably and warmly defended the justice and humanity of the Slave Trade, wisely and consistently denouncing all men as traitors to their country, who favoured the *inhuman* idea of its abolition, are an irrefragable proof of a tender, merciful disposition, and that he possesses all the *congenial virtues* of his BEST FRIEND; the strict integrity also with which he discharges his civil functions as a police, and his military duties as a FIELD OFFICER, rivet him in the affections of an admiring and grateful nation.

The *improvements* which the Colonel has lately exhibited before the public, in his senatorial capacity, are so much the more meritorious-

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rious and aſtoniſhing, as at Eton ſchool, he was regarded by all the maſters, (to uſe the Etonian phraſe), as a *blunt* :—that is, the Colonel's head was then ſo impenetrably thick, as to be deemed incapable of receiving any impreſſion whatever ;—therefore, he enjoyed a very *enviable* privilege ;—an exemption from *flogging*, owing to his incapacity for learning, and the cruelty of puniſhing a boy for ſtupidity that did not depend on himſelf, but which could be aſſigned to nature alone. Is it not then amazing that the *brave* Colonel ſhould at preſent ſhine one of the brighteſt ornaments in the Britiſh ſenate?

It has been inſinuated againſt his pretenſions to the peerage, that his father was a *pettifogging* attorney ; but when it is remembered, that the preſent Lord E-dl-y was once a Jew, and L—d K-ny-n, clerk to a money ſcrivener*, ſuch objection can carry no weight ; therefore we doubt not, his Majeſty will ſoon be pleaſed to confer this beſt mark of royal approbation.

* Mr. T-mpk-ſ-n, a notorious Uſurer and Scrivener reſident at ~~Nampwich~~ Nampſwich, Cheſhire.

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THE BLUE STOCKING JOCKIES.

THE Society of *blue ſtocking Jockies*, concerning which, it is incumbent on us to offer a few words, originated in a laudable reſolution amongſt certain *fine* ladies to eſtabliſh an Ariſtocracy in the Republic of letters.—"Oh! it was horrid that *low people, people of* "*no faſhion* ſhould obtain public conſideration "by literary merit;" and therefore they aſpired to a degree of monopoly, to become the arbiters of *all* works iſſuing from the preſs. Vanity, or rather a conſciouſneſs of the *juſt* deference due to their *rank* and *fortune*, encouraged them to hope that they ſhould ſoon be able to pluck from plebeian brows the laurel and the bays.—In conſequence of this powerful combination againſt the general efforts of genius and talents, great intereſt was made to be admitted members of ſo *auguſt* and *enlightened* an aſſociation, by every ſpecies of *Lady Authors*, and their numerous train of humble dependents, from the accompliſhed

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Lady C-v-n*, down to Mrs. Hannah M-re. A *good woman*, Mrs. Mont-gue (famous for her wealth, and annual dinner to the wretched chimney ſweeper apprentices, as alſo for having *written a book*, in anſwer to Voltaire's criticiſms on Shakeſpeare, unequal conteſt, a pigmy againſt a giant,) was a principal *ring-leader* of this new *acadamy*. The meetings were to be held at her grand hotel in Portman Square, and it was there *wiſely* decided, that her opinion, on all occaſions, ſhould be final and concluſive; nor is this reſpectful diſtinction to be wondered at, when we conſider, that ſhe had compoſed a work, which *ſome* perſons had read, and which a *few* had praiſed.—The victory to be ſure, was rather *partial*, becauſe it evidently appeared from the lady's book, that Voltaire did not underſtand Engliſh, and that ſhe herſelf was wholly ignorant of the French. Beſides, ſhe ſeemed ſo *unique*, ſo *liberal* in her annual banquet to the poor little *ſweeps*, that all her decrees paſſed unanimouſly in the ſociety. We, however,

* Now the immaculate M-g-v-ne of A-p-ch.

who

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who examine the benevolencies of thoſe who ſtyle themſelves the Great, with an impartial eye, cannot diſcover any tranſcendant charity in a *public, oſtentatious* expenditure of a few pounds *once a year*, out of an immenſe property, which beſtows on the *Lady's dear ſelf* every indulgence, and luxury *all the year round*. What a profanation of terms to call this charity; to beſtow plenty one day, that famine may be more cruelly felt the next. Theſe children of ſorrow are trained to the hardeſt of all ſervitude, and yet perhaps, in every reſpect, they fare worſe, if poſſible, than perſons in any other condition of life. To behold theſe little victims of an arbitrary, unnatural ſyſtem, regale themſelves to-day, without procuring them the ſame conſolation, or even a morſel of bread for to-morrow, muſt excite pain, rather than pleaſure, in a truly *ſenſible*, compaſſionate heart.—They have an *equal* right from the God of all, and an *additional* right from their ſevere labour, to the comforts of ſociety, and it is only the hardened depravation, and cruelty of political inſtitutions, that rob them of theſe comforts. Let us hear no more then, of

Mrs.

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Mrs. Mont-gue's public chimney ſweeper *feſtival*, a ſubſtraction of five pounds, from an income of 8000l. a year. It is provoking when one hears ſuch language, an inſult to reaſon, an outrage on humanity; and when we are told of a Lord, a Duke, or an *Eſquire*, with ten, twenty, forty thouſand per annum, waſting more than half their eſtates on their hounds and their horſes, their equipage, and their palaces; while on the other ſide, we are triumphantly told that theſe *grand ſeigneurs* beſtow a few pecks of coals, and a few pounds of beef at *chriſtmas*, on naked ſhivering villagers, the feeling heart recoils from the panegyric, and diſdains the *virtue* of ſuch *frozen charity*.* But let us return to a more *agreeable*

* Another *illuſtrious* ſpecimen of *Ariſtocratic munificence* in behalf of a man, who from his profeſſion, muſt be conſidered what they call a *Gentleman*, and conſequently *deſerving* of their protection, muſt not be omitted.

CASE OF REAL DISTRESS:

"A Clergyman upwards of ſixty, who has been "thrown into priſon (for the *ſmall ſum of ten pounds*) "where he is likely to end his days, without the kind "aſſiſtance of ſome humane and charitable perſons.

"He

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ble ſubject; the *dear ladies* under our more immediate conſideration. How they came to *diſtinguiſh* themſelves by the appellation of *blue ſtockings*, it would be hard to decide, as the term conveys rather a light and *laſcivious* idea; gradually leading the fancy upwards to the garter, and ſo on, to perhaps an improper and alarming height. Now, it is very well known, that the *fair* members of this *Lyceum*, are in general, chaſte even to a fault; moſt of them preferring to let their charms be withered by time, than ſubmit them to the *rude mercy* of that *odious monſter man*; we muſt therefore imagine, that the name originated in ſome happy and ſudden flaſh of wit, which fortunately found out a reſemblance between things ſo ſeemingly unlike, as *genius* and *coloured ſtockings*.

Were we to enumerate all the members of

" He literally ſubſiſts on the goal allowance, *(bread and* " *water)* not having *one ſhilling, nor even a bed.*"

" The *ſmalleſt donations* will be moſt gratefully ac- " knowledged at Meſſrs. *Ranſom, Morland*, and *Ham-* " *merſly's*, Pall Mall." Vide Morning Chronicle, March 15, 1794, and the Morning Chronicle, March 24. 1794.

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this ſociety, we ſhould afford but little entertainment to our readers, for very few of them are known to the public by any literary excellence; yet we cannot paſs over in ſilence, Mrs. Bull-r, a lady ſo extremely learned, as always to have a *greek* book in her pocket, to the admiration of the ignorant, and wonder of the wiſe. Miſs Hannah M-re deſerves alſo to be celebrated for her religious zeal, and ariſtocratic ardour, a *downright* Biſhop H-rſl-y in petticoats, and who is not only a *poeteſs*; but likewiſe a *patroneſs* her *original* tragedy*, being a proof of the one, and Anne Yearſly, *the muſe of milk*, an evidence of the other. In truth, *Miſs* Hannah had long been in ſearch of a *genius* in low life, to whom, by affording protection, ſhe might raiſe her own reputation, in a diſplay of her ſuperior taſte and diſcernment. Her firſt *genius*, however, whom ſhe found ſtarving under a hay-ſtack, did not anſwer the purpoſe, ſo ſhe was immediately reſtored to her original ſtation; but

* Percy, a tragedy, the firſt dramatic eſſay of *Miſs* Hannah Mo-re's *virgin* muſe, ſtill cheriſhed by the *fair* author, but long ſince totally forgotten by the public.

with

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with Anne Yearſly, ſhe ſucceeded to her moſt ſanguine hopes, as all who have read that fair *milkmaid's* poetical *ſonnets* will teſtify. Our *amiable* patroneſs has a more powerful claim to the popularity ſhe enjoys, as author of a pamphlet againſt the *murderous Atheiſts* of France, (for ſhe is herſelf a moſt devout Orthodox chriſtian, and attends her young ladies to church twice every ſunday*) a book earneſtly recommended and profuſely circulated by that impartial critic, Mr. REEVES, and the profits ariſing from the ſale of which, ſhe moſt liberally applied to relief of the French refugee *papiſts*; but ſhe has ſtill additional claims on public gratitude; her charity knows no bounds, equally extended to all; Foreigners and Natives. The loyal Hannah is now at the head of a *patriotic* aſſociation, conſiſting intirely of *ladies*, for the expreſs purpoſe, of providing our *brave* militia ſoldiers with ſhoes, which we muſt allow, is not only a noble, but alſo, a moſt *political* exertion on her part, as

* Miſs Hannah Mo-re is governeſs of an *elegant* boarding ſchool, at Briſtol; we believe a romantic elopement took place in her virtuous ſeminary a few years ago.

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ſuch examples of fervent loyalty, cannot fail prodigiouſly to increaſe her number of ſcholars; though the charity itſelf rather implies a kind of *oblique* cenſure on government, which out of the eleven millions already voted in the preſent year 1794, cannot ſpare wherewithall to keep the poor fellows feet properly *ſhoed*. Let her, however, go on in her career, and ſhe may probably ſoon, like her renowned prototype Reeves, (who gets from the c-wn, paid by John Bull, 3000 l. a year for the *work* he performs) be at the head of a petticoat gang, united againſt Levellers and Republicans, for the preſervation of grievances; and ultimately gain an appointment, ſuitable to her talents, equal to her *deſerts*. May an *honourable penſion* crown her *glorious labours*.

The remaining members of this eccentric ſociety, are a Mrs. O-de, a lady of *little note*, but of *ſome fortune*, of a moſt *oily* addreſs, and truly loyal conduct.—Lady L-can, to whom we have allotted a diſtinct place in the preſent volume, two delicate virgins of the name of B-rry, a variety of *old maids*, *Miſs* Edward J-n-gh-m, and the Right Honourable *Lady*

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Horace W-lp-le, *Counteſs* of Orf-rd, the *ſympathiſing guardian* of the immortal Chatterton, who in a fit of deſpair, put an end to his exiſtence, in a wretched garret in Shoreditch, to avoid the horrors of being ſtarved to death! Bluſh grandeur, ſhudder ye TITLED BOOKWORMS, ye affected patrons of genius, at recollection of his name. With theſe ladies, we conclude our characters; God help them all, and turn their hearts from *literature* to Charity. Amen.

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CONCLUSION.

IN the preceding ſheets, the author has indulged the undoubted privilege of a FREE BORN BRITON, to inveigh againſt the frontleſs apoſtacy of a corrupt profligate miniſter, deſtitute of merit or humanity, whom he beholds leagued with a banditti of ruthleſs tyrants, to deſtroy the freedom and independence of Nations, without a pang of remorſe; ſowing treaſon and rebellion in the faireſt provinces of the earth, almoſt weekly ſending forth hundreds of his ignorant, deluded, countrymen, to inevitable ſlaughter, and ſwearing never to ſheath the ſword of war, till France be exterminated, or her liberty conquered*; but he

* It ſeems the plan of this flimſy, but cruel politician, to conquer France in Corſica or the Weſt Indies, or to reduce twenty-five millions to ſlavery by FAMINE. Horrible, prepoſterous idea! If, however, the French iſlands ſhould be *conquered*, let him beware, leſt ere long they ſhould be *reconquered* in Flanders, Germany, or in other European countries, where we have a far dearer intereſt.

has

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has been careful to avoid every expreſſion of diſreſpect againſt his Majeſty's perſon or government, that might afford a ſhadow of pretext for inſtituting a proſecution againſt himſelf, the publiſher, or ſellers of his book book; ſhould however, any ſuch expreſſion inadvertently, and doubtleſs, unintentionally, have eſcaped from his pen, he intreats to deprecate their wrath, and he flatters himſelf, before they point their vengeance againſt his *feeble* eſſay, avowedly written from the pureſt motives;—to promote the intereſts of ſuffering humanity, to ſtop the career of ſlaughter and deſolation, and to expoſe the hardened miſcreants of folly and of vice, that they will begin with one of their own HIRELINGS*, who in a pamphlet, written in vindication of the preſent government, has publiſhed the moſt *atrocious* libel on our moſt *glorious* conſtitution, that has been ever at-

* Mr. Arthur Young, author of the Farmer's Letters, who formerly devoted his literary talents to the ſervice of the people, now ſecretary to the newly appointed board of agriculture, and notoriouſly, a hireling apoſtate in the pay of adminiſtration.

tempted

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tempted by the moſt ſeditious author, ſince our *immortal* revolution in 1688. The following paſſages in confirmation of this aſſertion are extracted from the pamphlet alluded to.

" The houſe of commons are corrupted " and bribed, and if the nature of ſuch an " aſſembly demands to be corrupted in order " to purſue the public good, who but a viſi- " onary can wiſh to remove corruption* ? Again, " Influence, or as reformers call it, " corruption, is the oil which makes the " machine of government go well."† Finally, " EXTRAVAGANT COURTS, SELFISH MI- " NISTERS, and CORRUPT MAJORITIES, " are ſo intimately interwoven with our prac- " tical freedom, that it would require better " political anatomiſts than our modern re- " formers, to ſhew on fact, that we did not " owe our liberty to the identical evils which " we want to expunge."‡

* Arthur Young's Example of France, a warning to Britain, page 92.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid, page 171.

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Our lawyers are unanimous in opinion, that a *libel, is not leſs a libel for the truth which it contains*; the author, therefore, moſt ſeriouſly demands of Mr. Attorney General, and the *worthy*, diſtintereſted, Mr. W-te, S-ll-t-r to the T-ſ-ry, whether in their *conſciences*, they can hold themſelves juſtified in continuing to proſecute *petty inſignificant cavillers*, while they allow ſuch a GIGANTIC LIBELLIST, as Mr. A-t--r Y--ng, to paſs unmoleſted!—Nay, while they behold him protected and rewarded by their Maſters. *It is their official duty to deal out impartial juſtice, and the public expect it from them.*

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